

The TATLER

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London, January 20, 1932

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January 21st, 1931

Dear Sir,
I enclose herewith a photograph of my son taken during the last few days. He was born on April 17th, 1930, and weighed six pounds at birth. He is now 9 months old and weighs a little over 24 lbs., has six teeth and has the happiest disposition one could wish for. For the first month of his life he was a continual raw cow's milk in turn. He was breast fed during the first fortnight, and then put on— and anxiety, constipated, crying and practically no weight. At one month he was put on Cow & Gate on the advice of my sister, a Health Visitor at Bicester, and from the first feed he improved. He slept the first night he had Cow & Gate from 7 p.m. till 7 a.m. with a feed at 11 p.m. which he took sleeping. From that date we hardly knew him very little trouble, and it has been a delight to watch him grow. His teeth gave him very little trouble, and as you can see he has firm flesh, really fine bones, and no excess fat. All this we thank your food for, and we feel that it is only fair to mention it. If his photo is of any use to you, please use it, but do not advertise his or my name, as my father is a Doctor and it might cause him embarrassment.

With many thanks for his health,
Yours very sincerely,

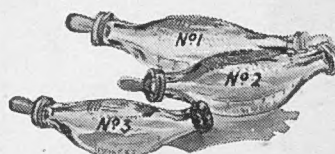
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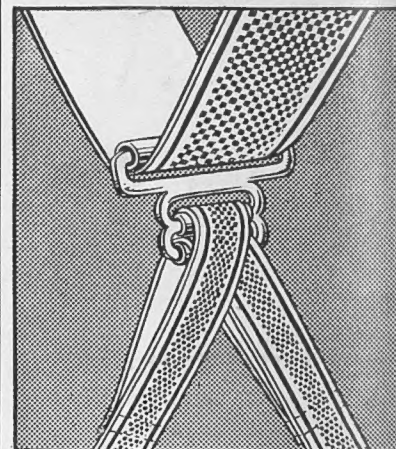
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Quite a lot of shattered hopes about since the announcement of Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay's engagement. Several people have wanted to marry her. And no wonder; she is a particularly charming person. Different, somehow.

For one thing she is very intelligent, and also has tremendous perseverance, a quality which always appeals to me; perhaps because I have none at all. Last summer she went and hid herself and her ciné camera on an island off Holland, and spent a week patiently stalking its rare feathered inhabitants. A splendid film was the result.

Miss Spender-Clay's other achievements include modelling, talking several languages, ski-ing extra well, and driving a Rolls which she bought for £60. Mr. Phil Nichols, a brother of Robert Nichols, the poet, shares his fiancée's enthusiasm for snow sports, and was skimming down Swiss slopes with her last winter. He is a very good shot too, and as his home is in East Anglia, has plenty of practice during the partridge season. At least, whenever he can be spared from the Foreign Office where this delightful young man is doing outstandingly well.

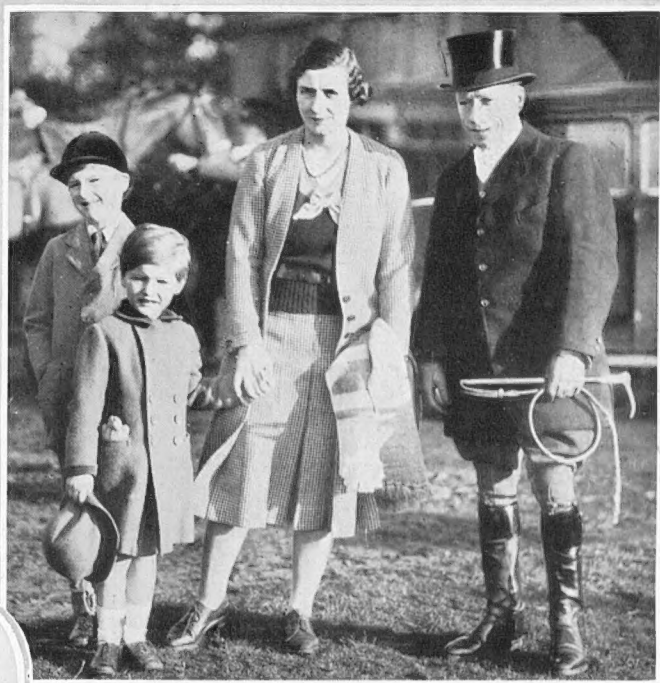
How pretty Mrs. Derek Murphy is. We all decided that she was the best-dressed and most attractive woman at the Embassy the other night. And one could almost hear the cracking of many young hearts when the news got about that she was soon returning to her native Canada. Lady Dashwood ran her fairly close in an Empire dress of black satin and a ruby-red velvet jacket—almost as short as a Snotty's!

Mrs. Archie Campbell had gone red, too, and looked extremely well. She and her husband and the Dashwoods played an amusing game of general post



OFF TANGIER IN THE "ARANDORA STAR"

A group taken on board the luxurious Blue Star "cruiser," included in which are Lord Danesfort, Sir William Davison, M.P., Lady Davison, and Major and Mrs. Frank Pershouse. All these have been chasing the sun, and are now on the way back again



WITH THE OLD BERKS: MRS. R. BAKER AND HER SONS AND FREDDIE FOX

The day the Old Berks met at Mrs. Baker's house, Letcombe Manor. Freddie Fox, the famous jockey and the ex-champion, is very well known with these hounds, and no keener patrons are to be found than Mrs. Baker's little boys, Robin and Michael

during the evening, changing about from table to table, till one really didn't know where they were going to turn up next.

Whilst England has been suffering from constant cancellations of hunt balls Ireland has been in an absolute welter of gaiety, according to my scribe, evidently quite exhausted by the maffickings. The Louth led off at Beaulieu, which Mrs. Montgomery kindly handed over for the occasion.

Everybody came, and anyone who had a new frock wore it. *Par exemple*, there was Mrs. Purdon, looking really lovely in mauve taffetas, complete with bustle. Miss Isabella Cairns wore a nymph-like frock of pale green chiffon with a *clou* of real flowers. Miss Pamela Holland, very sophisticated in gold lamé and a train; her cousin, Miss Betty Gilham, in red velvet, and Lady Gormanston in blue satin and a silver coat, were all star turns. Lady Elizabeth Meade and her sister both wore black, likewise Miss Molly Morrogh Ryan, in lace. Captain Eddie Boylan really seemed to be the success of the evening, but not entirely on his own account, his glory being that reflected from his newly arrived daughter!

SHOPPING IN LONDON: LADY VERONICA HORNBY

Lady Veronica Hornby is just back from her honeymoon. She is the sister of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, and her marriage to Mr. Antony Hornby took place in London on December 17

Then there was the Kildare Hunt Ball, happening hard on the heels of the Louth. This was at Straffan House, with Mr. and Mrs. Derek Barton as prime movers; she looking superb in parchment velvet and a tiara. Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald evidently made her mark in a simple black frock worn with a little red coat. Anyhow, she seems to have gone to several heads. Lady Maureen Brabazon and her sister brought lots of people. Mrs. Dalgety was in black and white, Mrs. Edward Kennedy enchanting in white satin, Miss Oliver Plunket in a "broderie anglaise" frock. Poor Mrs. North Bomford had her lovely dress ruined by a careless waiter.

Dunboyne Castle housed a very attractive party, including Miss Antoinette Preston in white with a blue velvet coat. Kildangan was blank, a serious privation, but Mr. Roderick More O'Ferrall and his brother Frank are off on the most wonderful trip; first to stay with the High Commissioner in Egypt and then on to shoot in Persia. The evening finished in the morning, which is quite correct for Ireland, and at 5.30 at that! By then Mr. Derek Barton had nearly burst himself with his efforts on a coach-horn and the party had to break up before he did.

(Continued overleaf)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

I'm told that the echo of New Year merrymakings at the "Lygon Arms," in other words, Madresfield Court, has hardly subsided yet. One of the many contributors to this hilarity



AT HURST PARK: MISS GWEN FARRAR AND MR. REX EVANS

Two people who, when not busy making the world laugh, take their relaxation going racing. Rex Evans has developed into one of the "regulars," as he has hardly missed going racing six days a week this season

More pictures of Hurst Park will appear in next week's issue of this paper

years ago had never thought of learning Latin. "I'll teach you," said brother Teddy, and he did it so well that Miss Jessel easily held her own with fellow students who had had a long start on her.

Incidentally, she has also taken a first in history. A really fine show this, for London University is famed for its sky-high standard.

* * *

Saw Mrs. Guy Wyndham the other day. She was looking agreeable as usual, and told me what fun they had had at Castle Milk with the entertainment which Sir John and Lady Buchanan-Jardine got up in the Kettleholm village hall. It was to help the local nursing association.

There seem to have been some capital "turns"; Lady Jardine and her sister, Princess de Chimay, Lord Delamere, and Captain Miles Graham going particularly well with a tandem bicycle. Then Lord George Scott's daughters gave twin tongue to a brace of ukeleles. Most tunefully too, from all accounts.

Acting talent was also in evidence, and what a thrill for the village to see Mrs. David Tennant starring in "Postal Orders,"

was Mr. Teddy Jessel, who has several reasons for being in good fettle. One is that he has just got an interesting job with Thornton Butterworth, the publishers.

A second reason is that he is partly responsible for his sister, Doreen, doing so well at London University. Lord Jessel's younger daughter was at the famous Ozanne polishing establishment in Paris, but until three

supported by the other members of "the original Ramsbury company." It was given very successfully at Mrs. Guy Wyndham's village, you know, last summer, but I gather that this time it went even better.

* * *

Consider how, not long ago, most women were "gun-shy," cowering on a shooting-stick being their most active performance during a battue! Nowadays many are armed to the teeth, and in some cases still utterly defenceless. But good shots may be found in increasing numbers, and men no longer regard them with surprise and apprehension.

Mrs. Geoffrey Lyttelton, Mrs. George Anson, Mrs. Philip Fleming all let off their guns to some purpose. Lady Conyers and Mrs. Charles Tonge shoot regularly, and Mrs. Toby Barnes, whose fair curly hair is the envious despair of her friends, has gone off on a small-game expedition to the Orkneys.

By the way, she and her husband have started the enterprising business of making British medicinal drugs, having found a good opening for their energies in this direction. They deserve success for the way they've seized it.

* * *

Very few journeyings are being undertaken except in the patriotic cruising manner. It takes a brave person to announce unashamedly an intention to make off in search of southern sun or Swiss snow. Unless, of course, the carrying out of Harley Street orders is entailed thereby. However, Mr. Bob Boothby had no prickings of conscience when he left for Germany. His mission was a Government one. And as he is now Member for Aberdeen, it is safe to assume that he has given nothing away.

Egypt, of course, is quite a legitimate goal to aim at. Mr. and Mrs. James Beck are contemplating a move in that direction, but it remains to be seen whether the lure of Palm Beach proves too tempting an alternative.

* * *

In these days when the housing problem is often a question of having too much rather than too little to live in, the

Becks are decidedly lucky in letting their Charles Street mansion (and very well, too) till March. But then, it is extra nice. In the meantime Lord and Lady Blandford are harbouring them in Hill Street.

* * *

The Blandfords are particularly kind in providing roofs over the heads of their friends, as Miss Diana Fellowes, Miss Ulrica Thynne, and Lady Anne Bridgeman would tell you. You'll have heard that these three dazzling creatures have taken a house together in the Quorn country "to finish the season." Well, they had a severe setback when they arrived there to find nothing ready for them. What was to be done? The answer was easy, they went to Lowesby.

* * *

I hear that Captain Henry Abel Smith and his wife are going to have a Cold Blow in Wiltshire for the next few months, they having taken Lady Kathleen Rollo's delightful cottage of that name. The reason is a gunnery course at Netheravon, and I should think Lady May will love this temporary home of hers.

The cottage is most picturesque, white-washed pink (if you'll forgive the Irishism), with a thatched roof and a lovely garden. It was built for the Rollos by Mr. Geoffrey Fry, and it deserves its name for the winds fairly whistle down the valley. Bracing, but—b-r-r-r-r-h!—Ever, EVE.



AT THE UNITED HUNTS' BALL: THE HON. ALICIA BROWNE AND MR. ALASTAIR KING

The second ball of the United Hunts was held at the Savoy Hotel in the same way as the first one last year was. It was in aid of the National Horse Association of Great Britain, and a large number of hunts were represented. The Hon. Alicia Browne, who is seen watching the cabaret, is Lord and Lady Kilmaine's daughter. Mr. Alastair King hunts with the Vine

More pictures of this event in next week's issue

PRIZE WINNERS: DAVID CLIFTON
AND MISS VIRGINIA HUTCHISONAS AN ANGEL: MISS
SONIA GRAHAM HODGSONMISS APRIL NETTLEFOLD AND HER BROTHER
FREDERICK AS EARLY VICTORIANS

MISS ELIZABETH AND MISS BARBARA DUNN



MISS MARISE FRASER



LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE AND ROBIN HASTINGS

The Peter Pan Party Spirit

Gay Young Guests at
Claridge's Last Week

Peter Pan's Twelfth Annual Party at Claridge's last Thursday afternoon (it was in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes) was the happiest possible affair, with quantities of enchanting little guests. Lady Cambridge was the hostess, and her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, a perfect pocket edition of a Red Cross nurse, also helped to make things go. The big excitement, of course, was the arrival from the Palladium of Peter Pan (Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson) with Wendy (Miss Ann Casson), Mrs. Darling (Miss Zena Dare), and Captain Hook (Mr. George Curzon) in support. The Queen gave a prize for the best fancy dress, and this was won by Miss Anne Dunn, Sir James and Lady Dunn's daughter, as a very little "Miss Muffet." David Clifton and Miss Virginia Hutchison's representation of "Dresden China" won the prize for children under nine. Robin Hastings' Indian Rajah outfit merits mention too. He is Lady Cambridge's fourteen-year-old brother. The Hons. Anne, Gloria, and Juliana Curzon, Lord and Lady Scarsdale's daughters, did not "dress up" in the official sense, but their party frocks were very pretty



MISS ANNE DUNN



LORD SCARSDALE'S DAUGHTERS



MICHAEL BENDIX

Photographs by Bassano

The Cinema : Lowbrows and La Garbo

By JAMES AGATE

BEFORE considering our old favourite, Greta Garbo, in a new film—or should I say the new Greta in an old film?—there are one or two reflections which I should like to offer on the old subject of the low-brow, his cause and cure. The first question we ought to ask ourselves is: Who wants him to be cured anyway? The poet Tennyson said, in a moment of unjustifiable optimism, that we needs must love the highest when we see it. But love, surely, was the wrong word—respect was what he meant, only it wouldn't scan! We only really love the things for which we are willing to lay out our hard-earned cash. We respect the plays of Shakespeare, but our half-crowns go to swell the coffers of *It's a Girl!* We respect the oratorios of Bach. But let them give the sublimest work of that master on Monday, and on Tuesday engage the Swanee Syncopators to perform in a salmon-pink lighting low-brow salmon-pink jazz, and I will bet anybody the biggest and noisiest saxophone in New York City, and pay the hire of a

gold-toothed nigger to carry it about, that I will name correctly which audience will exceed the other by ten thousand. Doubtless chamber-music of an austere and lofty sort was composed for the harp, sackbut, and shawm; I have no certain information, but Mr. Dolmetsch will know. But I have not the least manner of doubt that the three instruments in syncopation would have drawn a bigger crowd. Times change, but the box office is eternal. Sincerity in the matter of the Saturday half-crown was as rampant in the days of the early Philistines as in the days of Keith Prowse. I pity the poor Philistines in this, that they have never had anybody to defend them. We hear their case from the Israelite point of view only. Then, taking a leap, we find the word used by Swift to denote that most objectionable of created beings—a bailiff. Next Matthew Arnold comes along with his scornful: "On the other side of beauty and taste, vulgarity; on the side of morals and feeling, coarseness; on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence—this is Philistinism." Only, of course, a modern writer would use not the word "Philistine" but "low-brow," which any half-wit can understand. "Low-brow!" is the epithet hurled by the *cognoscenti* at the man of average education and taste who does not see eye to eye with the specialist in matters of art. "Low-brow!" would be the high-brow thing to say of a salesman in an Oxford Street store who failed to appreciate the ultimate finesse of a cartoon by Peter Arno, or the last fine shade in a poem by T. S. Eliot. It is nothing to the high-brow that the salesman may perceive infinities of subtlety in Tom Webster's account of his last adventure at "Ally Pally" or Stamford Bridge. No, your salesman is a low-brow. Your high-brow cannot conceive the existence of people who care less than nothing that to T. S. Eliot the leaves of the silver birch are like hot-water bottles glistening under the gas-jet in the scullery. No, the man's a low-brow. Away with him! It is much if the high-brow will allow him to breathe, eat, drink, and pay income-tax. And he would sterilize him and his kind if he could. But there is this to be said for the people who prefer the programmes of the Swanee Syncopators to those of the London Symphony Orchestra, that they do honestly prefer them and will put down their money to prove it. There is no record of a tired business man being dragged sulkily by some wife, anxious to be in the musical swim, to some jazz concert which he must moodily endure. Let it be remembered, too, that the work of the world is done by the common run of people, by the low-brows who deem *The Silver King*, and not *Strange Interlude*, to be the

world's best play; *Faust*, and not *Roussalka*, to be the world's best opera; "Derby Day" to be a better picture than Van Gogh's "Field at Arles"; and *David Copperfield* to be head and shoulders above Mr. Aldous Huxley's choicest sneer.

Not only do the low-brows do most of the world's work, but they pay for most of the world's amusement. It is only right, then, that the purveyors of amusement should purvey that which will amuse people who really pay. If this maxim be accepted, then it stands to reason that *The Rise of Helga* at the Empire is an admirable film, since it is entirely composed of those misunderstandings and misconceptions which have ensured popularity from time immemorial. Helga (Miss Garbo) is a wild, untamed thing who, falling in love with one Rodney (Mr. Clark Gable), a backwoodsman also wild and untameable, is compelled by the strangest circumstance to become the mistress of a circus proprietor and a wealthy New York architect, not to mention other base fellows by whom she did ascend. Rodney is not

going to stand for this and so goes mining in Puerto Pablo or some such place. Helga follows in the guise of dance partner in cabaret-brothels, the audience luxuriating in pity of such well-intentioned degradation. But after half-an-hour of our luxuriating, Helga reveals the fact that it was only when she was rising that she sinned, and that since she has dropped down the social and professional ladder her conduct has been chaster than that of any daisy. Nothing can exceed Rodney's disbelief, or for that matter ours, since Helga, as impersonated by Miss Garbo, hasn't the faintest notion of either singing or dancing. Wherefore I confess that how Helga managed to keep her job at these establishments escapes me. Penultimately, a most engaging millionaire offers Helga his soul, body, and estate, including yacht, and Helga says he is the nicest man she has ever met, excepting Rodney, whom she intends to follow to his bug-infested swamp. Whereupon Rodney says that it will be a tough life and that he will expect Helga to cook, sew, and be "of a nice morality, split my wind-pipe!" as the fop said in the old play. Only, from what we know of Rodney, we gather that if there is to be any splitting of wind-pipes it will be hers! And so the dusk pinkly descends, and four lips unite in one long glutinous kiss.

This film is good for its purpose because neither hero nor heroine at any moment behaves like a sentient human being, because any straight answer to any straight question would have brought the picture to an end at any moment, because love paid for by degradation is the most enticing of the world's plots, and because there is nothing more comforting than to realize that the heroine is not after all as black as she has carefully painted herself. The picture is good for the further reason that it covers a lot of ground and refreshes the eye with circuses, cabarets, and the like while our minds are resting. It is good because Mr. Gable is excellent at the kind of job who is Rodney. As far as Miss Garbo is concerned it is not so good, since when La Garbo is not queening it she is miserably out of place. Incredibly also, for in the way of normal temptation La Garbo in dethronement is about as alluring as an iceberg. She has none of the warm humanity by which La Dietrich made *Morocco*—a much better picture—come alive, and as an actress La Chatterton seems to me to knock La Garbo silly. There is this further aspect, that whereas Greta "ensky'd and sainted" is among the most heavenly of our Northern Lights, as a trull in homespun she is very nearly a fright. Except for her nose, the end of which still gives better actresses something to think about!



JOAN CRAWFORD AND CLARK GABLE IN A NEW FILM

It was proposed that the new picture in which Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are starring for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer should be called "The Mirage," but it is said that this is not definitely fixed. Joan Crawford's off-stage name is Lucille le Suedo, and she is a pretty little Texan

THE FOOT-LIGHTS O' LONDON!



Stage Photo Co.

SEYMOUR HICKS' "GAY ADVENTURE": RICHARD DARNTON (MR. SEYMOUR HICKS) AND CONSTANCE (MISS MARION LORNE)



Stage Photo Co.

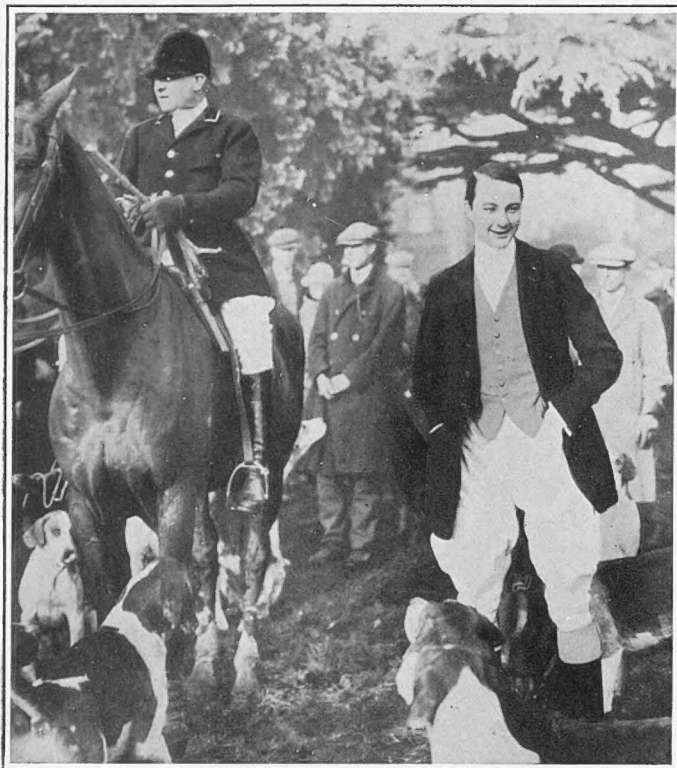
"THE NELSON TOUCH": MISS LEONORA CORBETT (JANETTA) AND MR. FRANCIS LISTER (RICHARD FAYRE)

Mr. Walter Hackett, heavily reinforced by Miss Marion Lorne (Mrs. Walter Hackett) and Mr. Seymour Hicks, is yet once more amusing all London with his "Three Musketeers" play at the Whitehall. It is a very clever achievement in modernization, and Mr. Seymour Hicks absolutely revels in the part of Darnton, a lineal descendant of that wonderful Gascon, D'Artagnan. In the play Darnton is so saturated with the spirit of his ancestor that he goes back in fancy to the times when that gentleman was at the top of his form. "The Nelson Touch" continues to fill the St. Martin's, and Mr. Francis Lister sweeps through the principal adventure, that of impersonating his pompous Secretary of State brother with a flourish that is irresistible. Mr. Stanley Lupino is author-producer and principal live wire in that brisk bit of fun, "Hold My Hand," at the Gaiety, and he has two very able accomplices in Miss Jessie Matthews and Mr. Sonnie Hale



Sasha

IN "HOLD MY HAND": MR. STANLEY LUPINO, MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, AND MR. SONNIE HALE



WITH THE WEST KENT AT PENSURST

Mr. George Davidson, the Master since 1926, and (on the right) Mr. Kenneth Urquhart, who is Master of the Cambridge Drag. Mr. Davidson hunts hounds himself

From Leicestershire

From Orton Park Wood through Gunthorpe to Barnwell Wood with a kill in the open is as good or better than anything the Cottesmore have had since the War. An eight mile point, fourteen as hounds ran, without changing foxes, it was a brilliant performance, and a tribute to the men and horses who got there.

The Belvoir met in pretty poisonous weather at Sproxton on the Wednesday, and hunted well with a change of foxes from Coston to and round Gunby gorse. As the vendor of the horse the gentleman from Ireland was bound to show a certain amount of confidence in it, but his dazed condition when stopped on the road and motored home was due to rabbit wire, and not to taking on every fence at five furlong pace out of fish-glue going. The evening hunt from Newman's was very fast in a circle round Brentingby, in the course of which Hester and the Sec. both got knocked sideways into a bottom. No damage done, and anyway they couldn't have been wetter. During a lull in the proceedings we were treated to an exhibition of the daring double equestrian act of leaping the prostrate horse, performed by a gentleman who has held presumably an off-licence as a horse trainer for many years. This was nearly spoilt by the accomplice losing his nerve at the last moment.

The Belvoir had another good gallop on the Saturday from Jericho, the conditions in the Vale making it possible to hunt, whereas the Cottesmore at Stapleford were unable to. In consequence there was a good attendance at the Repository at Leicester, where we were sorry to see Reggie selling all his horses preparatory to making his name on the films. We understand he is being cast for the more amorous themes, and knowing the hard school in which he has been

From the Shires and Provinces

brought up we feel sure he will make good. Think of the numbers who will go to see what those lingering ones *look* like.

Old Dalby is not a popular meet, but Bridget's Gorse being drawn first hounds went away as if for The Curate, over a blind waterlogged country, with all the ditches to you. The aforementioned accomplice and his horse were again prostrate, and the horse-box lady endeavoured to leap the lot but landed short. As her horse did not even peck when landing on his groin she regarded it merely as one of those droll incidents that G. D. Armour illustrates, and rode on without looking round. Every fence claimed a victim or two, and each one missed being jumped on by inches, so that it was as well the fox got in a drain before anything was done that might have been regretted afterwards. The afternoon was a Shoby Scoles performance, and when you've said that you've said a mouthful.

It must have needed a pair of very bright eyes combined with a slight surfeit of port to have made the two elderly gentlemen jump backwards and forwards over a gate on the way home the other day.

From the Beaufort

Broad Hinton on Monday supplied us with plenty of galloping and jumping and we were busy all day, and some very tired horses wended their way home after the evening hunt which ended near Yetsbury.

On Tuesday a colossal crowd, mounted and otherwise, were at Ilsom House, Tetbury, where Sir Walter and Lady Preston entertained all comers with great hospitality ("let's have more of 'em," said the gallant captain, with his second cherry brandy!). The field was at its best at surrounding coverts, etc., and certainly were responsible for a brace of the beasts killed! No wonder Master produced some of his best and, under the trying circumstances, sport was fair, but we were kept on the go most of the time.

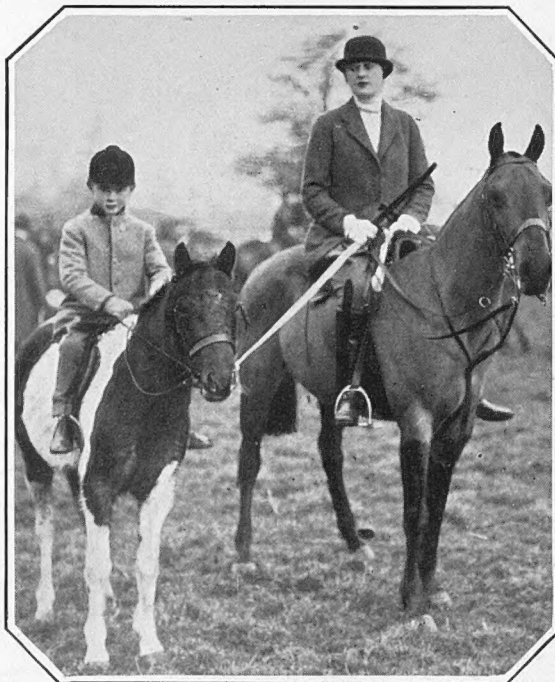
Oh! what a down-pour for Wednesday at Alderley, but none the less they could run in the hills and did well to account for their fox.

On Friday from West Kingston was certainly a red (with a capital "R") day, and Master with the bitch pack showed us some really good fun; a fast gallop in the morning to Lansdowne and then a really brilliant fast hunt from near Dyrham right away to Badminton (unfortunately most of the Field got left!), and finally accounted for his fox in Badminton Park.

On Saturday we woke up to find a sharp white frost and 1 p.m. was the time for the rendez-vous at Foxley Green. We literally could hardly walk after our fox, to start with, and then Master had a nasty mishap crossing the stream, both he and his horse having to swim for it, but luckily no more damage was done. Hounds then settled down and ran well, and made a good point to lose their fox near Crudwell. Everyone is delighted to hear the R.H.G.'s are having their annual regimental race in connection with our point-to-point on March 10.

From the Heythrop

Monday at Heythrop Village was a very active day, as by hunting continuously for two hours hounds got to the top of their form, which caused the hunt servants to get to the bottom of their horses. There was a lot of falling in and falling out, and we were all very sorry for Mrs. McCalmont, who had a very nasty fall and broke her wrist, which in any case was probably not too strong owing to the many hand-shakes which she must have endured lately as a dance hostess.



WITH THE YORK AND AINSTY SOUTH: MRS. LYCETT-GREEN AND HER SON

The day the York and Ainsty South met at Esrick Manor for the children's benefit. Mr. David Lycett-Green has been Master of the South since 1929, when the Y. and A. were divided—not for the first time in their existence

Wednesday was one of the vilest days imaginable with a gale blowing and torrents of rain, and our meeting-place was very aptly named Northleach, as the wind had a taste of North in it and our clothes stuck to us like leeches. Hunting is supposed to be for pleasure, but on this particular day it was a positive penance, and everyone was glad to be sent home at two o'clock.

Friday at Moreton-in-Marsh was a poor day's hunting, but a nice day's mountaineering when our hunting-stocks should have been changed for those of the Alpine variety, as hounds ran, and we walked, up and down the precipices of the North Cotswold country. The visitor on the short-tailed grey complete with bandmaster's bâton is not a band-master at all but a bit of an artist on a horse, but about all he had to draw was the conclusion that it was rather a poor run for his money.

From the Fernie

Foxton village was packed with fox-hunters on Monday, January 4, Spring-like weather enticing everyone out who could sit in a saddle. It was pleasing to see Lord Beatty once again in his accustomed place after his long and tedious convalescence. The Laird of Langton Hall and Mr. Harvey Ladew from the States were also welcomed back. The "Ferney" enthusiast was well strapped up. Congratulations on the success of his book! Horses were much on their toes as we proceeded to Gumley Covert where, after a bit of covert work, an over-fed fox met a watery end in the fish-pond. Our luck at John Ball was disappointing, the occupant circling round to sister Jane and, returning to John, was killed. Laughton Hills provided additional material, but save a pleasant gallop over the undulating Gumley area, nothing much was done. The Harboro' Welter Weight caused some commotion at a broken fence.

Leicester 'chases on Tuesday found many hunting people present. Ill fortune befell Lord Haddington at the last fence when going well on Progress in the Evington Handicap. Both Lord and Lady Haddington hunted with us from Lubenham last season.

Thursday's meet at Noseley Hall was largely attended, Sir Arthur Hazelriggs' beautiful estate lending itself as a setting for a fox-hunting gathering. Mrs. Ronald Tree had come over from the Pytchley for a day with us. It was a late move off. Many of the field had been present at the Mills-Younger wedding of the previous day. A picturesque, bright, and attractive function. Good luck to the young couple. Once again Shanton Holt supplied the pilot for a capital hunt, hounds running for almost two-and-a-half hours over deep and hilly country confined by Rolleston, Noseley and Keythorpe, to mark to ground in Slawston Covert. Needless to state there were many mishaps in the heavy going, and horses had more than enough who stood up to it.

From the Cheshire

A biggish field had rather a disappointing day after meeting the Cheshire hounds at Wrenbury. One cannot help wondering why the Wrenbury coverts are so often blank nowadays. It is certain that the late Lord Cholmondeley would have had something to say about it if it had happened in his time.

Those who stayed out late, and the family of three who came out late, and this year's Lady Patroness, had the best of it from Baddeley the second time. Hounds running fast in the direction of Cholmondeley, swung left-handed past the Mosses and Starkey's Gorse to Mr. Tom Vaughan's farm Sound, where scent failed after thirty minutes of the best.

Friday from Brindley Ley was a great day, and we were all pleased to see our first "head case" out again. May the second soon be able to follow her example.

A real fizzer from Riders Bank followed, and hounds ran really fast over some of the best Peckforton and Cholmondeley country. Missing Ridley Wood and crossing the Nantwich, Cholmondeley Toll Bar Road, they

bore left-handed before arriving at Cholmondeley, ran by Chorley; still swinging left-handed they crossed the Wrexham-Nantwich Road, marked their fox to ground at Burland, having completed the journey in forty-three minutes (which time we crib from our "Times" correspondent).

Bad luck on Sir Thomas, buying his plot of ground when going great guns. Charles, Tony, Dick, and Angie, with one or two others we hear, really enjoyed this run; the latter's sister, Leslie, and two well-known ladies from the Forest, are reported to have taken the Brook float upwards.

We hope Lady Glanusk and party, who have taken "Hamil's" house, are enjoying their hunting.

The less said about Saturday the better. What a day!

From the York and Ainsty

Saturday (9th) with the South pack might be thus expressed:

The floods and the puddles are covered with ice,
And the prospects of hunting don't seem very nice,
But there waits at Hagg Bridge a small optimist band
Till the rays of the sun shall have softened the land.
There's David and Angela, Jack, Tom and Joe,
The General, Jackson, and Madam Brownlow:
Doris Rouge, and Bill Beetroot, and Clements so gay,
And little Miss Crankie astride on the grey.
'Tis patience rewarded: we hunt after all;
The country rides well and there's hardly a fall:
And we hark both to David's and Littleworth's horns
As the afternoon fox breaks from Ellerton Thorns.

From Warwickshire

What joy to wake up in the morning to mild weather and prospects of a full week's sport, though the tarmac road with the bicycles and motors was rather more than was fair for horses that had not been out for a week. The outliers were on holiday too, for we didn't find until Alveston Pastures, when the pack, being well ridden over, could only hunt slowly. Unfortunately the holiday spirit was abroad, and not only among the followers on foot, but also among the riders, and on Tuesday at Wolford they were a good two fields in front of the pack, and all hunting manners were forgotten! Who can jump the fence first seems the only thought.

Upton Wood got its full share of our patronage on Thursday morning, and we all enjoyed the hunt round Millpool, Chester-ton, Bishop's Gorse, and Poolfields in the afternoon, though I doubt if Cox did. "What ho! she bumps!" thought a certain lady as she landed on the tarmac. Most unpleasant and very painful.

Friday, at Shennington, was notable for the quantity of strangers (no doubt partners for the Stratford Ball) who descended upon us; but even they did not stop us from having a most enjoyable hunt from Epwell in the evening, when, at times, hounds ran very fast. We are not sure whether Gugs was wearing his opera hat or his hunting hat, but it looked like the former!

From Lincolnshire

The Southwold had a red-letter day from Girsby Manor on January 7—one of the best, in fact, so far this season. There was little of note in the morning, but when hounds disturbed a courting couple in one of Lord Heneage's coverts at Hainton late in the afternoon they went away on the old dog and ran without checking for eighty-five minutes. Twice they raided the Burton country and thrice Charles returned to Hainton to warn his mistress of the impending danger. Only the intervention of another fox and the waning light compelled a truce. By this time every horse had been ridden to a standstill. The kennel lights were very welcome that night; in fact it was so late when hounds returned that some of the early-risers were going to bed.

Fifteen degrees of frost held up the Southwold and Burton on Saturday, January 9.



WITH THE QUORN: LADY EBRINGTON

A lucky snapshot as Lady Ebrington was jumping a small ditch the day the Quorn met at Old Dalby. Lord Ebrington's Leicestershire seat is Thorpe Satchville, Melton Mowbray



SEZ ME! SEZ YOU?

A very charming study of a lady and a gentleman which has been sent to us from Budapest and whose principal recommendation is that it is completely un-posed. At this age people have not learned how to play-act for the camera

The Kind of Blue Book Everybody Likes.

IN gardens God walks. Which, perhaps, is why people who can be artificial in a garden are usually superficial in the house. I can pass by Buckingham Palace without the least feeling of envy. I can view Arundel Castle as somebody else's home with indifference. But where I see a lovely, low, rose-clad country cottage surrounded by a garden which is evidently a labour of love, and a personal love at that, I pray that when I get to Heaven lots of other people may inhabit the many mansions, and that I shall be allotted the old lodge at the pearly gates. I never yearn after a house so large that other people, generally strangers, must help me to run it. A "home" to me is not a "home" when you can't shut yourself away in it when you want to—hidden, forgotten, alone, without the knowledge that behind my back one or more comparative strangers are watching my every movement, listening to my every sound. The daily "char" is the only really ideal solution to the domestic problem, unless, of course, there has followed you down the years one of those old family servants who of all friends is the most precious, since she demands of you no more than she has had to put up with from you ever since you first came into her life. Thus, too, with gardens. One gardener in the offing, and the whole spirit of a garden hangs in the balance. I like to be alone in a garden. A garden that is even overlooked is less comfortable than a bathroom without a blind. And, as with my ideal home, so I love my garden to be so small that I may be mother and father to it, as well as friend. True, weeds are just about as welcome as acquaintances who *will* keep popping in because they happen to be "passing"—but *don't*. Still, both can be eradicated by tact and determination, leaving no scar behind. In a garden, when I cannot share it with some congenial companion, I prefer to be alone. We clutter up our lives with far too many people as a rule. And a life cluttered up thus appeals to me as little as does one of those formal Italian gardens, than which I can think of few things less endearing. And just as I would sooner make my home "hideous" by my own efforts than make it artistic by engaging a designer and decorator, so a garden which you have not beautified by your own individual efforts is never really yours, is never really you; never accepts you on its own account as absolutely *belonging*. I have heard of people who buy a house and garden, beautify both, and then, having done so, lose all interest in them; yearning at once to go somewhere else and to do likewise. I don't believe that these people ever really love either home or gardens. They just want to create a sensation among their acquaintances, to show off among their friends. They are like those dog lovers who lose interest in their pets after they have passed the puppy stage, and otherwise prefer something canine so small that they can pet and pamper it in the manner of a small child with its doll. They are only happy in that reflected glory of their pet which they hope will attract envy. If you have to do most of your own housework and most of your own

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

gardening you quickly outgrow mere pretensions in the stress of doing the necessary, uninteresting daily duties connected with each. On the other hand, there comes with these necessary and uninteresting duties a sense of personal affection, of intimacy, which arrives in no other way. For example, you are fonder of your silver teapot which you have polished weekly for more years than you care to remember, as devoted to the pink hydrangea which you begged long years ago from a friend and which took you so much trouble to raise to perfection from a cutting, than King George can ever be of his throne or the Prime Minister of anything in No. 10, Downing Street. And so, you must have worked in your garden making it what it is or is not, before anything in it will take you into the real intimacy of its restful companionship. But if you have attained such an intimacy, there are few friendships more engrossing and none so restful. And especially for such garden lovers as these I review "The Blue Book of Gardening," which is the somewhat grandiloquent but not misleading title of Messrs. Carters' 1932 catalogue. No ordinary catalogue

this, however. Together with illustrations of thousands of flowers which never seem to reach anyway near such perfection in your own garden, there go items of information which will nevertheless help you to achieve at least something better in that direction than your last effort. In fact it is a kind of gardener's hand-book as well as a catalogue. A hand-book of all the loveliest and newest variety of blooms which can be grown in an English garden, and also of vegetables and fruit which can be cultivated for an English "inside." And if you have not a garden but live in a flat (poor thing!), well then, the illustrations in the book will give you a double-edged pleasure: the joy of looking at something beautiful, and the joy of knowing that your more fortunate friends have never been able to grow anything approaching such a profusion of perfection in their own plot. But perhaps your only desire towards a beautiful flower is immediately to pluck it? I class you, therefore, in the same category as that of the sportsman who can never see anything happily enjoying its brief life without a desire to shoot it, no matter how full his horrible inside may be. This informative, beautiful seed catalogue is not then for you. It is for real garden lovers, for real lovers of flowers. These will find it an enchantment as well as a necessity, if they would grow more and better and newer blooms.



NORTH OF THE VICTORIA FALLS: MRS. TYNDALL AND HER TERRIERS

Near the Equator as makes no matter the plateau north of the Victoria Falls is a great spot both for humans and things on four feet. Mrs. Tyndall has been keeping wire-haired terriers for eight years and has made a great success of it as can be seen from this picture

(Continued on p. 96-98)

QUICK IN THE UP-TAKE!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Curate (contemplating bowl of bulbs): How delightful to think it will soon be opening time, Mrs. Green!

Mrs. Green: Well, who'd ever think you'd be sayin' a thing like that! But I'm game to pop out for a quick one if you feels like it

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

A Lovely Land.

I sometimes wonder why it is that, as one grows older, one turns one's inner self more towards gardens and scenery and books than towards crowds and cities and public parks. So that it is a more perfect enjoyment to lie down under a tree beside some rippling stream than to "do" a picture gallery or meet strangers, or go to a dance, or to go out to dinner, or to watch the latest film "star" in her latest elaborated futility! There is something so restful about a mountain which cannot be found in Piccadilly. Consequently I really enjoyed looking through "The Blue Book of Gardening" and Mr. E. O. Hoppé's superbly illustrated volume, "The Fifth Continent" (Simpkin Marshall), far more than most of the books of fiction which I have read lately. I have never been to Australia, and it is odds on I shall never go—not at least in the flesh—although it is one of my hopes that the released spirit will be able to fly where it wills, irrespective of passports, bank balances, hotels and guides, and all the other botherations of an earthly journey. But having gazed at and admired Mr. E. O. Hoppé's series of magnificent photographs illustrating all that is most beautiful as well as most typical of Australian life and scenery, I feel that if I have not been there, and shall probably never go, I have at any rate some idea of the natural loveliness of this fifth continent, while nine out of every ten of these illustrations have given me glimpses of such sheer beauty that I can almost rest satisfied at not going at all. So many people I know believe that they are making a real sacrifice to patriotism by not spending the winter at Monte Carlo for the fifteenth year in succession, pretending that to "travel British" is to travel nowhere. Unless, indeed, they have gone from one crowd to another, from one golf course to another, from the inability to gamble to the ability to lose as much as they will, they think they have missed one of the "sweets" of prosperity. I pity them not at all. The British Empire contains everything that anybody could possibly want in the way of interest and beauty. And if it is sunshine as well as beauty I think Australia must be among the more perfect countries to visit. Of interest, too—the "tonic," vital interest of a young country without, or so I should imagine, the noisy, get-rich-quick hurly-burly of America. At any rate Mr. Hoppé has given us yet another book of superb beauty. It discloses to most people an Australia totally unlike their preconceived notions and reveals a land of enchantment, a place of unsurpassed loveliness. And every season a season of brilliant sunshine than which, living through a typical English winter, one can imagine few things more exquisitely satisfying.

A Book for Budding Authors.

I like the title of Mr. Michael Joseph's new booklet, "This Writing Business" (Faber and Faber. 1s.). Most people regard writing as an "inspiration," and have a feeling of disillusion when they hear an author talking of his profession as a "business." It is curious, but most people don't regard anything as a business which has not got an office or a shop

attached to it. The artist who paints the newest millionairess in all her newest diamonds is said to be degrading his art. Also the writer who, looking at his latest income-tax return, realizes that something must be done about it and so churns out another book to meet it, is regarded as something less than a genius. People prefer to find their genius starving, or peradventure rich through no business reason of his own. Thus, it is nice to find a writer who realises that writing, after all, is very much more a question of good business than inspiration. Mr. Joseph therefore, does not tell the budding author how to write—nobody can tell him that; it is a hard fact he has to learn for himself—but he does tell him what to do with the work he has written, how to make the financial best of it, and indeed what to write and where to market it if he would make for himself any financial position at all. Therefore his little booklet is really worth infinitely more than one shilling. I doubt if you could put a proper price upon it unless you be yourself one of those rare beings, a writer who would have succeeded equally well in business; having that *flair* which few people possess, and to be without which incidentally fulfils the Biblical quotation about the poor being always with us.

A Novel which should Prove Popular.

Yet Mr. Edward Percy's book, "Eastward Drift" (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.), disappointed me. It started so well—the opening chapters telling of a rich man who retired at long last to live in the depths of the country, dividing his fortune between his children, promising all sorts of interesting possibilities. I thought it was going to be a novel of



BLACK FRIDAY

Plumber: Hevins! Me wages? I've forgot 'em!

"characters," of atmosphere; instead of which it becomes half-way through a novel of melodramatic incidents, half of which left me stone cold, because I didn't believe they were in the least inevitable. The death by suicide of a character whom you never really get to know well enough to be moved by his tragedy and who, anyway, ought to have known better—his actress-wife being a heavy, un-humorous creature—is rarely more moving than an item in the more sensational Sunday newspapers. Alas, too, the old business man who goes to live in the country soon becomes a purely stage yokel mixing with other stage yokels; just as the country itself becomes little more than a well-painted drop-scene. No, the most interesting character in the book is that of the old man's weak-minded son who marries a harlot and finds not only a happy home but a good wife. The rest of the children come to financial chaos—each because he was too weak to resist—one a woman who ought to have been well smacked, the other because he parted with his fortune without the least business forethought or even a glimmer of common sense. In these things the novel disappointed me, but I am sure it is a story which will disappoint few novel-readers. It is full of dramatic incident. I defy anybody to leave the book unfinished once having begun to read it. You may not believe in any of the characters, but you simply must find out what happens to them. In this way "Eastward Drift" is very readable. It is "good drama" rather than "good life," but most people prefer that in their novels: besides "good life" is rarer to find in a book any way.

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—I returned to Paris just in time—the bath and hair-curl had to be rushed!—for the *répétition générale* of Jacques Deval's play, *Made-moiselle*, a brilliant little three-act satire of to-day's *mœurs bourgeoises*, with its clever dowage of bathos and drama. It stages a family of four. Papa, an eminent and popular barrister; mamma, a flighty gadabout; and two offsprings, a boy and a girl of the bright young person species. They live in the most united discord! Squabbling about nothing, but respectful of each other's liberty; meeting at meals and at other people's houses. Mamma insists, however, on the surface proprieties, and obliges her eighteen-year-old daughter to submit to the presence of a governess-companion who is a most unengaging and virtuous dowd. The bright young person proves, on one occasion at all events, not to have been quite bright enough, since that occasion has got her into what is euphemistically known as "trouble." How the girl's tragic adventure takes place without arousing her preoccupied parents' notice; how the governess discovers the situation and takes command; and how she eventually manages to get the girl away into the country and hides the birth of the child form excellent material for dramatic comedy... but we are kept wondering till the end of the second act the why-foriness of the elderly woman's devotion, since she manifestly is repelled by her young charge and all that she represents of selfish and irresponsible youth. When, however, she restores the apparently still virginal wench to the bosom of her family and herself returns to the baby, the tragedy of the sex-starved creature, who all her life had coveted maternity, is explained. The bright young person (hearing with joy that the father of the chee-ild has been killed in a motor accident, and that she is now free of the past) prepares to carry on with her rôle of *jeune fille à marier* and forget the little wayside accident that she has so easily survived. A star cast gives life to this swift little play, and Mme. Marcelle Geniat, in the complex character of the governess—so different from the part she played of the frivolous mother in the French version of Noel Coward's *Hay Fever*—is simply magnificent.

* * *

I had a wonderful run up to Paris on the homeward trek from Nice. I took the Grasse-Digne-Grenoble road; the—to give it its right name—"Napoleon Road," known also on the maps as the *Nationale 85*. It is the most marvellous "going": the surface is billiard-smooth and the curves have been raised so that one can take the most acute "bends" almost without slowing; nearly everywhere it has been widened so that three cars can pass abreast, and, compared

with the usual Paris-Lyons-Aix-Brignoles route, it saves about eighty kilometres on the whole run. It was such heavenly weather when I left Nice that I decided to make a day of it, lunching leisurely at the picturesque town of Castellane, and then climbing slowly to Digne, where I arrived in time for a cup of tea and to enjoy the most gorgeous sunset. I had intended to finish at Grenoble for the night, since, the last time I was at Digne, some four or five years ago, the local pub had proved somewhat cold and comfortless; this time, however, I found the surprise of a new and recently opened P.C.A. (Paris-Côte d'Azur) hotel, *l'Ermitage*, that boasted every comfort of heating and baths and service, allied with the simplicity of *décor* that one appreciates after a day at the wheel. It also contains a very interesting little museum of Napoleonic souvenirs that is the gift of M. Brouwet, the Belgian collector and eminent authority on all matters dealing with the great little Corsican. These treasures are arranged by M. Brouwet himself in show-cases in the hall, and also in two rooms on the ground floor devoted to that purpose. A unique piece is the original *brevet* conferring the rank of Marshal on General Bessières; it is one of the fourteen nominations signed by Napoleon at the time of his coronation, and the only one that has ever been exhibited in any collection open to the public. There is a curious watch, the size of a small orange, the case of which is made of ivory inlaid with gold, that was given by the Emperor to General Drouot at the Island of Elba. There are some lovely plates, cups and saucers, and dishes made by the Imperial Manufacture of Sèvres for the Emperor's own use. There are trinkets and sewing materials used by Napoleon's sisters, Elise and Pauline; and a piece of velvet woven in his



MORE SISTERS! ROSITA AND LOLITA ARRAMONTE

Two entrancing Cubans, and daughters of a former Cuban Premier, who have been easy winners in a recent local beauty competition and are now the toast of all Havana!

Angelo

presence, at Lyons, after the signature of Peace in 1802, when he was still but General Buonaparte. There is also a morsel of the deep purple crêpe pall, embroidered with golden bees, that covered his coffin at St. Helena; and there are—but of a slightly later period, I imagine—two beautifully coloured magic-lantern slides representing Napoleon, a tragic, solitary figure, in captivity at Elba, and also after his escape, when he landed at the *Golfe Juan* and was welcomed by the inhabitants in March 1815.

I have no space to enumerate all the interesting souvenirs that this delightful little museum contains. I could have spent hours there; as it was, I got to bed much later than I usually do after a day's run. But I slept like a top, for the *Ermitage* is just outside the town, on the Castellane side, in the most peaceful surroundings. It is a place that you would love, Très Cher. When these hard times are over you must visit it.—With love, PRISCILLA.

THE MOVIE WORLD



MAKING-UP FOR "SOOKEY": ROBERT RITCHIE AND HEATHER ANGEL (SOOKEY)



ALSO IN "SOOKEY": HEATHER ANGEL AND LOUIS HAYWARD



MAURICE CHEVALIER—OFF DUTY IN HOLLYWOOD CITY

In the talkie-movie world it is now "Advance England and retreat U.S.A.," because we can and are beating America at her own game. "Sookey" is one of the newest English films, and has just been completed at the Nettlefold Studios, Walton-on-Thames, and is going to be just as good as countless other British films—so it is said. It is the story of a little slum girl and a slum boy, with not quite the inevitable ending. Heather Angel and Robert Ritchie were "shot" actually making-up for one of the scenes in the Euston Road. The admiring audience is not actually in the film. Maurice Chevalier's next picture is "One Hour with You," and Joan Blondell's picture speaks for itself most eloquently!



COME HITHER! JOAN BLONDELL IN "THE RECKLESS HOUR"

ALL ROUND THE COMPASS



AT GATWICK: LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP



Francesca

MRS. MICHAEL
ARLEN
AND HER SON,
MICHAEL,
IN
CANNES

Gutman

IN PARIS: THE MARQUISE DE JANCOURT, CHARLIE CHAPLIN,
AND MME. A. CITROËNHIS 80TH BIRTHDAY: SIR MAURICE AND LADY DE BUNSEN
AT THEIR TOWN HOUSE

Of those in these pictures taken at some widely divided places, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, who is Lord Carnarvon's sister and the wife of Sir Brograve Beauchamp, was at Gatwick on a day when things were definitely sloppy, but when the racing was worth watching. It was a day when that popular person Baron Frankie de Tuyl's horses were running well forward, his Pishogue winning the Leatherhead Selling Chase and two more of his also being in the money. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen live in Cannes these days—a pleasant spot in which to work. She is a daughter of Count Mercati, and they were married in 1928. Sir Maurice de Bunsen, who was "taken" on his 80th birthday at his town house in Ennismore Gardens, declines to grow old. He and Lady de Bunsen gave a big birthday party to celebrate. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1877, and his last appointment was Special Ambassador to the States of South America in 1918. He retired the following year. When Charlie Chaplin left England his plans were surrounded by an aura of mystery which has its own publicity value. He was overdue at his Hollywood studio, but it was said he had a desire to go Eastward, possibly to India—not a very healthy spot at the moment.



THE HON. MRS. PIERS LEGH

Two recent portraits of the attractive wife of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Piers Legh, C.M.G., C.I.E., M.V.O., O.B.E., who is an Equerry-in-Ordinary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Lieut.-Col. Piers Legh is in the Grenadiers, and served throughout the Great War: despatches and other distinctions and decorations. He is Lord Newton's younger son. The Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh is the daughter of the late Judge James C. Bradford, of the Supreme Court, Tennessee, U.S.A. Her first husband was the late Captain the Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy, who was killed in action in 1916

Photographs by Bertram Park, Dover Street

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Walk this Way"
at the
Winter Garden



"WALK THIS WAY, MADAM"

The Mayor (Mr. Morris Harvey) extends a "Corporation" welcome to Miss Gracie Fields (herself). The acting of her Pekinese in this scene deserves a line to itself in the programme

THE Pittites have pitched their tribal tents in Drury Lane and hoisted an invitation to *Walk This Way* at the Winter Garden. As a change from Mayfair meringues, this tasty dish of Lancashire hot-pot deserves a place on your theatrical menu. Unless, of course, your fastidious nose recoils from honest North-Country stew and sniffs appreciation only at Cowardly caviare and Cochranish cocktails. A pity if you're funny that way, as the song says, for there are moments when a custard-pie, well aimed, followed by a quick skid on a banana-skin and a liberal wallop of slapstick, adds a new zest to life.

Mr. Archie Pitt's revue, written and produced by himself, is no hot-house plant reared precariously on West-End soil. Its roots are planted hardily in cobbled streets, where shawls are shawls and clogs are clogs and lasses are glad of them. *Walk This Way* comes from the provincial North with all the Northerner's blunt honesty and lack of swank. Mr. Pitt's trump card is his Gracie (and ours), and he puts it down bang, with no sleight of hand nor any of the guff of a conjurer doing somebody else's trick.

And what a card it is! Miss Fields is in her element. She doesn't "make an entrance" after the manner of the star. She just drops in, smiling and at home, with the air of one who says, "This suits me; I hope it suits you." In the opening scene, where Mr. Morris Harvey, that useful all-rounder, is the butcher-mayor of a North-Country town regaling the company with a civic welcome, she "gets" you at once. "There's music in the clatter of the clogs," she sings, and those clogs, though jazz has its many incursions, beat out the true rhythm of the revue. "Step on Satan," chants Gracie, hitting off the American jazeuse to the life, and one prays for another *volte-face* of mockery like the burlesque of "Sonny Boy." It comes, after the homely humours of "Granny's little old skin rug," in a gem of broad parody at the expense of the coloratura soprano with whose trills, affectations, and intonations one is only too familiar. The target is an old one, but Gracie's aim is devastatingly shrewd and her arrows are tipped with the elixir of her own inimitable alchemy. Sentiment trips from her, too, in one of those leisurely waltz hymns to maudlin passion. She even recites a "production number," a pretty toyshop affair of rag dolls and goliwogs. Short of grand opera, a pretty extensive gamut.

In the comedy sketches she is well served. In one she is a fireman's wife, making play with her lodgers and the



GRACIE'S BROTHER

Mr. Tommy Fields bursts into one of those melodies beloved of whispering baritone



SOUBRETTE

Miss Renée Foster cheerfully fills the breach(es) with song and dance



"QUEEN OF THE PEARLIES"

The inimitable Gracie momentarily deserts Lancashire and sails into view as an East-end

is knockabout fooling with real guts and gusto.

Up North the face of Mr. Douglas Wakefield has launched a thousand laughs. Down South it will launch thousands more. There is a fortune in the Wakefield face. You laugh at the first glimpse of it. It grows on you. The rabbitry of the teeth, the *retroussé* nose, the vacant smile, the expanding blue eyes. . . . I must leave Tom Titt to point the likeness and adorn the tale. I am a Wakefield fan for life. One can't say fairer than that. This comedian is gloriously funny in a quiet, moonstruck way. His visage, added to the props, made a garage sketch, complete with an ancient Morris-Cowley which spouted water when cranked, jerked backwards and disintegrated suddenly from dickey to side-lamp, an orgy of topical nonsense. Perhaps it is unfair to concede a copyright in motor-ing burlesque to Mr. Harry Tate. His car was a cardboard symbol; back-chat and not realism was the essence of that classic rencontre on the Portsmouth Road. Mr. Wakefield and his two garage hands, writhing like acrobatic snakes in the coils of old tyres, watching a gigantic inner-tube being pumped up to bursting-point amid nervous shrieks from the audience, and generally knocking themselves and the car to pieces, are on lawful ground.

Messrs. Wakefield, Nelson, and Chuck O'Neil make antic hay as a triumvirate in a French night-club. As drunken revellers they interrupt the cabaret and supply a hectic few minutes of side-splitting dancing. Mr. O'Neil's solemn toe-dance—as if some moth-eaten professor had gone Russian—is a joy. Messrs. Wakefield and Nelson essay the

whisky bottle in the absence of a jealous spouse. The end is foreshadowed, but the arrival of a gigantic cart-horse, led on by the long-absent brother from Australia (the diminutive Mr. Billy Nelson, a useful comedian), provides a sudden and irresistible climax. No one can teach Mr. Pitt anything about broad comedy. Great stuff, that horse.

In an Embankment drama, wherein Mr. Harvey, as a novel theorist on suicide, amusingly tips a distressed maiden into the river, pathos and suffering are the order of the moment. But not for long. The sketch ends on a sudden roar—the paternity of the uncontrollable twelve-year-old whom the sympathetic stranger (with an eye to another suicide) has been threatening to "take away." A third sketch reveals her again in the mood her worshippers most desire—the outspoken lodging-house lady exchanging high words with her neighbours and urging her over-grown son (Mr. Tommy Fields, most agile of dancers and a nifty comic) to practise his Sunday morning repertoire on a wheezy piano, and to desist from playing with his tiddler in its glass bowl. This

classic vein and fall hard and often. This is Karnoisim *de luxe*, but chastened with wit.

What else? A Cockney way-down-East affair of toffs, toughs, pearlies, and pickpockets, with musical finale; a novel dance by eight American convicts chained together in pairs; a before-and-after war sketch in which Mr. Morris Harvey is a German officer with a nice taste in civilian bathos; vocal and other brotherly diversions by



THE ENGLISHMAN ABROAD

Frigid behaviour of a wife (Miss Irene Pitt) on discovering that her husband (Mr. Patrick Susands) is *persona grata* in one of Paris's naughtiest night-clubs

Mr. Tommy Fields; some spritely singing and dancing by Miss Renée Foster, Miss Irene Pitt, and the sixteen strapping dancing lasses; and a living-fan effect by those lively Amazons which is worthy of the Folies-Bergère, Broadway, or wherever these ingenuities come from.

If you want to sample the delights of the Elysian Fields—and laugh yourself silly in the process—Walk This Way.—"TRINCULO."



DANSE BACCHANALE

The three revellers (Messrs. Billy Nelson, Douglas Wakefield and Chuck O'Neil), an admirably contrasted trio of comedians, let themselves go in a Paris night-club. This wildly comic dancing absurdity is just about the funniest thing in a show full of laughs

CHASING IN THE MUD AT TENBY



MISS HESTER DREW, BARON DE RUTZEN,
AND MR. ERIC CATTLEY



LORD MERTHYR, M.F.H.,
AND A FRIEND



MISS MARION HANKEY, THE HON. LORRAINE
BERRY AND THE HON. MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE



SIR HENRY PHILIPPS (left) AND MR. AND
MRS. SACKVILLE-OWEN



THE HON. MRS. BASIL MUNDY
AND BILLY SPECK



BRIG.-GEN. AND MRS. REGINALD ALLEN
AND COL. DELMÉ DAVIES-EVANS, M.F.H.

Tenby, like most other places at the time the chases were run, was turned into a sea of mud, the first day having to be abandoned. It is true to say, "The more dirt the less hurt," but there is a limit! Tenby is contemplating applying for new dates, either in the autumn or in the spring, and the matter is to be put before the N.H.C. The Hon. Mrs. Basil Mundy, who had two winners at this meeting, is a sister of Lord Tredegar. Billy Speck rode her Dove's Pride in the Lawrenny Chase, and Mr. T. Griffith her Lough Mor in the Wroughton N.H. Flat Race. Lord Merthyr and his daughter, the Hon. Anne Lewis, who is so well known as a rider in the Show Ring, are Joint Masters of the South Pembrokeshire Hounds, and Col. Delmé Davies-Evans is Master of the Penylan Hounds. The Hon. Mrs. Thistlethwayte and the Hon. Lorraine Berry are sisters, and two of the daughters of the late Lord Buckland, whose peerage is extinct. Brigadier-General Reginald Allen has commanded the 163rd (Norfolk and Suffolk) Infantry Brigade T.A. since 1928 and had a very distinguished war D.S.O. and four mentions

"THE FIGHTING COCKS," GODSALL



NEW FOREST PERSONALITIES AT A THURSDAY MEET

By THE TOUT

The Master of the New Forest Foxhounds, Sir George Meyrick, naturally has the front place in this impression by our cartoonist of a meet outside that well-known tryst, "The Fighting Cocks," at Godsall. Behind the Master on the right is Captain Trinder, and facing the latter on the other side of the picture is the genial hon. secretary, Mr. E. L. Wingrove, who has held this office for a record number of seasons—forty-five to date. Sir Dudley Ford (in a black coat), Mr. O. T. Price, and Mr. Eyre Matcham (on foot, with cigarette) are the other important figures. The New Forest Hunt dates from 1780, the Hunt Club having been founded ten years later. Sir George Meyrick took over the Mastership in 1919, and carries the horn himself



COOK DOESN'T

By H. M.

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the



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HUNTING APPOINTMENTS



ON THE STEPS AT

A group consisting of Mr. Claude Crawford, Mrs. Crawford, the Hon. Mrs. Cripps, her son, Mr. Michael Rowley, and her nephew, Codrington Crawshaw, at Colonel Gretton's home, when the Cottesmore met there



STAPLEFORD

The snapshot on the left, of Lady Stanley and her eleven-year-old second son, was also taken when the Cottesmore were at Stapleford. The hard frost sent hounds home

COTTESMORE AND MORE

The Hon. Mountjoy and Mrs. Fane, with Captain Victor Cartwright and (behind) Miss Dixon, at Colonel Gretton's home, near Melton Mowbray. Mr. Fane is Lord Westmorland's only brother, and married the heiress daughter of the late Lieut. Colonel Acland-Hood-Reynardson, of Holywell Hall, Stamford, where they now live



LADY STANLEY AND THE HON. RICHARD STANLEY

Lord Stanley, who was also disappointed, by frost, of a hunt with the Cottesmore, has represented the Fylde Division since 1922 and was returned unopposed at the General Election. Lord Northland (see right) hunts in Leicestershire as often as possible. His mother, formerly Mrs. Wardell, became Mrs. Lezard when she married for the fourth time last year. The remaining snapshot was taken when the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds met at Foxley Green. During the day, "Master" was almost carried away while crossing a flooded stream and had to swim for it



MRS. JOHN VAUGHAN AND (RIGHT) LORD NORTHLAND



SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE AND MRS. MENZIES WITH THE BEAUFORT

ALSO AT STAPLEFORD PARK: LORD STANLEY

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"



LORD LLOYD AND THE PLAN OF THE LLOYD BARRAGE AT SUKKUR

Lord Lloyd, ex-Governor of Bombay, and inaugurator of the big irrigation work at Sukkur, in Scind, looking at the plans of the great dam which was opened by the Viceroy of India last week. An epic might be written about India's irrigation system, and some people have tried to do it. This dam across the Indus, south of Attock, is five times the width of London Bridge. The lower bridge is a roadway, and the upper part is used for working the huge 50-ton gates, of which there are sixty-six

IT is to be hoped that Mr. Wickham Steed's final summing-up of the "Healthy, Wealthy and Wise" series of talks over the wireless has hit some people where they live. It was horse-sense all the way through, and the gist of it all was—that there are a darned sight too many molly-coddles in this world, who "go sick" for no sufficient cause and suffer badly from what, for want of a better way of expressing it, I will call the wet-hen complex. I hate the word "complex," but I feel that it will convey more to some people than "obsession." If Mr. Wickham Steed had known the story about the man who "enjoyed indifferent health," I am sure that he would have told it in his little oration. As it's quite short, I'll tell it to you now:

"How's himself, Thady?"

"Faix, he's enjoyin' indifferent health!"

There are droves of people like that: the kind who make you feel that they must have been born with cotton-wool in their ears and a smell of cough-drops hanging about them. They are never so happy as when they are thoroughly miserable and trying to make everyone within a ten-mile radius equally miserable. It is true to say of this species that the shortest road into its affections is to ask it if it is any better, and encourage it to go into intimate, and often quite nauseating, details of its ailments and diseases.

Instead of this sort of thing, what it really wants is what the man who blocked the pathway got. He stooped down to tie one of his boot-laces. A very intimate friend, who was just behind, and was in a terrific hurry, fetched him the most awful swinger, which brought him up all-standing.

"Here! Hi! I say, what'd yer do *that* for? I was only tyin' my bootlace!" yelled the man.

into the kind of person who simply wallows in disease and even cultivates a feeble voice designed to engender the belief that the sufferer is just about to hop into his coffin and pull the lid over. "Enjoyin' indifferent health!" That's just it: and they are so duck-hearted that, on the least excuse, they will lie down on their backs and squeal.

One!—Two!—Bang!—Pop! well down behind the girth and a pair of sharp hooks dropped into them—that's really the medicine they want, instead of saying: "And what do ye fancy in the way of a wreath, dear?" or, "It's nasty weather for travellin', even in a motor-hearse."

I once knew a chap who wanted to put off getting married just because he had broken a collar-bone! There's a chicken-livered swab for you! Or am I wrong, and did he want me to encourage the idea? Some of these modern lads are devilish deep.

No; what you "had" or "did" ought to do whenever you feel as if your skin don't fit you and it is going to rain, is to shave quick, clip moustache (if any) as short as it will go, cut nails (fore and aft), have bigger and hotter dip than usual (of course, if a non-dipper, it will be a pity), then either walk a sweat, after manner of a jockey, box ten rounds, or fence, or run, or ride (race-horses, for choice, in a sweater) or scull—also in sweater and muffler—or play squash with the marker. Then next, one pint bitter beer; then rub down and lunch about one to two—half a dozen, *avec* some of Mr. Guinness's fluid, and then anything you feel you can keep down, from Sole Colbert upwards, in the fish, flesh, fowl, or good herring kingdoms. It doesn't matter, really, what you do so long as you shut up looking as if someone had just hit you a slap over the stomach with a wet fish.

(Continued on p. viii)



IN SINGAPORE: MAJOR E. C. DOYLE, H. H. THE SULTAN OF PERAK AND CAPT. LINDSAY VEARS, A.D.C.

A snapshot taken at the recent race-meeting in Singapore, M.F.S. Captain Vears, who is an A.D.C. to the Sultan, is a well-known G.R., and Major Doyle is Official Judge and Veterinary Surgeon to the Straits Racing Association



LORD HAILSHAM

PEACE AT HOME

Lord Hailsham's
Sussex "retreat"



CARTER'S CORNER PLACE

These *en famille* pictures of the Secretary of War and Lady Hailsham were taken at their enchanting Elizabethan home, Carter's Corner Place, which was built in 1602. Lord Hailsham spends as much time as he can there, but Parliament's recess does not mean an extended holiday for him, as he has constantly to attend Cabinet meetings. Lady Hailsham, formerly Miss Mildred Dew, was the widow of the Hon. Clive Lawrence when she married Lord Hailsham in 1929. Her little daughter by her first marriage, Miss Domini Margaret Lawrence, will be seven this year



SHOOTING AND "SHOT"

Lord Hailsham watching the gun-work of the Hon. Neil Hogg, his younger son by his first marriage. The former Lord Chancellor did not enter Parliament till he was fifty, and at once became Attorney General. He went straight from Eton to the City, but threw up his good job there to serve with the C.I.V. in South Africa. In 1902, he was called to the Bar, taking silk fifteen years later

THE HON. NEIL
MCGAREL HOGGTHE SECRETARY FOR WAR, WITH LADY HAILSHAM AND HIS
STEP-DAUGHTER, MISS DOMINI MARGARET LAWRENCE

Bubble and Squeak

THE road-hog was annoyed. For fully twenty minutes he had been trying to shake off the small car, but without success. Finally, when the cars were travelling at a steady sixty, the baby drew alongside.

"I say," the driver shouted to the speed maniac, "do you know anything about these cars? I can't get the beastly thing out of bottom gear!"

* * *

A policeman was standing guard over the house where the tragedy had occurred, when a young man tried to enter, but was pushed back.

"Look here," he said indignantly, "I am a journalist, and I—er—came along to do this—er—murder."

"Ho, did yer?" scoffed the policeman. "Well, you're too late—'e's dead!"

* * *

A party of football enthusiasts who had travelled to an away match, finding themselves in need of refreshment, sent one of their members for provisions. He returned with a bottle of whisky, half-a-dozen bottles of beer, a corkscrew, and a loaf of bread.

He was greeted with a roar of laughter. "Great heavens!" cried one of the party, "'e's even remembered the sparrows!"

* * *

Smith met the professor who was teaching his wife to sing. "Tell me," he asked, "how is my wife getting on with her voice culture? What sort of a pupil is she?"

"Well," said the professor, confidently, "I find her very apt, to say the least."

"That's funny," replied Smith. "I always find her very apt to say the most."

* * *

"It's my birthday to-day," cooed the first sweet young thing. "I don't think I look thirty—do you?"

"Not now, darling," replied the second sweet young thing; "you used to!"

* * *

A man bought a second-hand car. After a deal of haggling a price was agreed upon, and paid over.

"Now," said the new owner, "I take it there's a full kit of tools in the box."

"That's right," said the ex-owner. "Also a copy of Bradshaw, old man."

* *

An estate agent, making an inventory, wrote: "One sideboard. One bottle of whisky, full." An hour later he erased the last entry, and concluded his labours for the day by noting: "One bottle of whisky, partially full. One revolving Turkish rug."



Navana

M. MARCEL DE HAES

The brilliant young singer of French songs who is having such a great success at the Grosvenor House Cabaret



Sasha

AT THE PICCADILLY RESTAURANT: IRIS KIRKWHITE AND HER PARTNER, ERROL ADDISON

An in-action picture of pretty Iris Kirkwhite, the fairy-footed little dancer at the Piccadilly Restaurant Cabaret, who is also piling up the runs in the Lyceum pantomime, "Cinderella"

Brown was a commercial traveller, and he had been after a large order in the North. Great was his exaltation when he saw a letter from the firm on his desk. And, better still, it was written in the hand of the senior partner. Unfortunately, the big man was notorious for the illegibility of his handwriting, and Brown was unable to make anything out of the letter. He was getting desperate, when he remembered that chemists are usually able to read even the worst writing. He hurried to the nearest chemist's shop.

"I should be grateful if you would read this for me," he said.

"With pleasure!" said the chemist, and retired to the back of the shop. He returned in a few minutes with a small parcel wrapped in white paper.

"Here's your medicine!" he said. "That will be two shillings. Take it just before going to bed."

* * *

"And phwat have yer called yer latest child?" asked Mrs. Murphy.

"Mary," replied Mrs. O'Donovan. "And phwat's yours called?"

"Hazel."

"Well! Ye've all the Blessed Saints to choose from, and yer must call the child after a blinkin' nut!"



A SCENE IN "CARROTTINA" AT GLEN TANAR HOUSE

J. & J. Bisset

George Grossmith's "Carrottina"—the Gardener's Daughter, the Pleasant Peasant, and the Dreadful Duke: A Mysterious Melodrama, was produced and played by members of the Glen Tanar House, Aboyne, house party, assisted by the members of the Glen Tanar Recreation Club, and was in aid of the Scottish Boy Scouts' Endowment Fund. In this scene the principals in the centre in front are:—Pistoli (Mr. Dudley Usher), Mrs. Sellerbeer (Mrs. Ian Hay Beith), Duke of Daggernaught (Major Ian Hay Beith), Carrottina Peas (Mrs. R. Sherbrooke), Stabbarino (Mr. Norman Dain). "Atalanta in Wimbledon," by Lord Dunsany; "The Policeman's Serenade," by A. P. Herbert and Alfred Reynolds; and "The Bride," by Gertrude Jennings, were also presented in the same programme. Lord Glentanar, who also officiated at the piano, played the policeman with much aplomb in "The Policeman's Serenade," and Lady Glentanar also acted in two of the pieces



Balmain



Balmain

A COMING-OUT DANCE, AT CLERKINGTON EAST LoTHIAN

MISS MARGARET BAIRD, MR. DAVID BAIRD, MISS MARGARET ORR,
AND MR. JOHN PEEL

MISS SHIONA MACGREGOR (THE PRINCIPAL GUEST), LORD TRAPRAIN, MRS. TOM MACGREGOR (HOSTESS),
LADY TRAPRAIN, MR. JOHN DUNCAN, AND SIR PATRICK FORD

Mr. and Mrs. Tom MacGregor had a very merry celebration at their house at Clerkington, East Lothian, for their daughter Shiona's coming-out, and in these pictures are seen some of the party. No notice need be taken of the glassy stare in the eyes of the two gentlemen on the extreme right, as the ailment was only temporary. Miss Margaret Baird and Mr. David Baird are the children of Major and Lady Hersey Baird of Lennox-love. Miss Margaret Orr was presented last season; and Mr. John Peel is the son of Colonel Peel of Eaglescarnie



What does "A" do now? A hold-up on the Jasper Park Lodge course in Canada, where hazards such as these are all in the day's play. The bears are friendly up to a point, but "Finding's keeping" is obviously this one's motto

THERE are two great pieces of news in the County golf world.

EVE AT GOLF

BY ELEANOR E. HELME

The first is nothing less than the arrival of a new County Association, Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire, who, at last, after immense local energy, countless rebuffs and disappointments, and final triumph of recognition, have formed themselves into one Association and are now duly elected members of Subdivision III. of the Midlands, and will therefore play Bedfordshire, Norfolk, Northants and Suffolk for the right to play the winning county of the other two Midland divisions. These are Derbyshire, Leicester and Rutland, Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire in Sub-division I., and Shropshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire and Worcestershire in Sub-division II. I think it must be the influence of listening to the Grand Good-night broadcast on New Year's Eve, or else of reading "Judith Paris," which has produced this habit of rolling off all these place names one after another, as if for the pleasure of hearing them and picturing pleasant spots in each of them. It is such a pity that as a child geography is only a lesson, whereas, when we are a little older, nothing would please many of us better than to sit down with a map or a guide-book, or even a Bradshaw, and picture all the delightful places and think how much we should like to go to them. At all events, here are Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire duly affiliated and therefore given the chance of going to a number of places for the purposes of golf, and the rest of the counties can only wish them good luck and good hunting.

The other piece of good news in the County world is that the County Finals have definitely been restored to the English Close Championship from which they were divorced last year. Nobody really welcomed the change then, and, crowded as the autumn season is, many more people will be able to take an interest in County Finals, and the cause of economy will certainly be better served, when the fixture is combined with the English Championship. Dates and course for that have yet to be announced, but "Britannia and Eve" have taken the bull boldly by the horns and fixed October 4 to 7 for the Autumn Foursomes. The Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes have been arranged to start on Monday, October 10.

Meanwhile, County captains are presumably getting ready to tear their hair over the selection of their teams. Perhaps

all of them grew it during the winter so that there shall be nice long handfuls which they can pluck with impunity when the moment comes for them to decide between the old stager and

the rising youngster, or again, between one youngster who slashes and the other who concentrates on work round the green.

To captains we dare not offer advice, not even under the guise of the Editorial "We"; to players, elders or youngsters, may it be suggested that they steel their hearts beforehand against all disappointments and make up their minds that their attitude to their captain shall be that she, like the King, can do no wrong. So much County broth is spoiled by too many cooks, and not only by too many cooks, but too many critics, self-constituted from amongst the members of the team. These would be much better employed minding their business, which is hitting the ball in the centre of their own club, and not thinking whether they should not have been played higher than somebody else; that this old fogey should have been left out or that steady elderly plodder included.

The virtues of pulling together do not shout from the house-top at golf in quite so strident a key as they do in some of the definitely team games. But they are very real all the same, and the side which is a team and not merely a collection of good players will beat their betters time and again, to the discomfiture of the prophets and the satisfaction of the psychologists, who realise that there is a great deal more in team play than meets the eye.

The annual dinner of the Ladies' Golf Union is to be held at the Piccadilly Hotel on Tuesday, February 2. No doubt, in theory, earnest golfers would sit down and discuss the agenda for the Annual Meeting for the next day. In practice, you are quite as likely to find them talking of anything else, and this year particularly there will be travellers' tales to hear, for not only will Miss Enid Wilson be there, but Mrs. and Dr. Lewis Smith are back from their wonderful journeyings, and are to be two of the most honoured guests. By then, no doubt, there will be definite news of the match against the United States, which is going to be one of the big events of the year. So far, May 21 is only a tentative date, but Wentworth is duly fixed for the venue.



MISS CORAL PINCKARD



Bassano

A CLEVER ARTIST: LADY ISOBEL BLUNT-MACKENZIE

New Portraits of Pleasant Personalities

People who count in
the Social scheme

Miss Coral Pinckard, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, is not only exceedingly pretty, but also possesses that elusive and enviable quality—charm. Her father, an Old Marlburian, is the Squire of Combe Court, in Surrey, and Lord of the Manor of Witley. He also has a house in Chesterfield Street. Mr. Pinckard, who is interested in the newspaper world, is a great supporter of fox-hunting, and controlled the Chiddingfold for eight seasons. Agriculture interests him too



Dorothy Wilding

MRS. EDWARD DE WINTON WILLS AND HER DAUGHTER

The only daughter of the Countess of Cromartie, though she does not come of age till this year, finds that life holds more interesting occupations than the daily round of gaieties attendant on young ladies of fashion. Artistic to her finger-tips, Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie is never happier than when painting in her Chelsea studio and her landscapes are the admiration of her friends. Her mother, a peeress in her own right, is a gifted author with a distinct bent for the uncanny

Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills, the attractive daughter-in-law of Sir Ernest Wills, was Miss Sylvia Ogden before her marriage, which took place in 1926. Her little girl, who will be five this year, was christened Venetia Dawn, and answers to the former of these two pretty and unusual names. Sir Ernest Wills, member of a clan famous alike for its wealth and its unbounded generosity to Bristol, is Lord Lieutenant of Wiltshire and a well-known owner of race-horses

A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

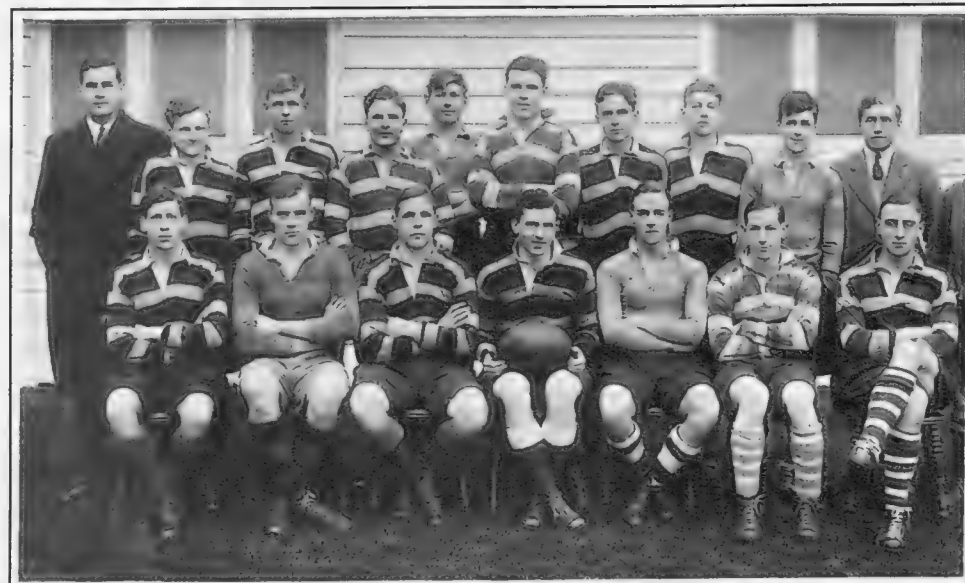
WHOEVER is responsible for the arrangement of international fixtures was not very clever as far as last Saturday was concerned, when two of the most important games of the season were played. There must have been a good many people who would have liked to see both of them, but they had

the team had not settled down and the forwards had not found themselves, to rely largely upon their kicking; it was simply ludicrous to do so later on. The captain's persistence in adhering to his first plan of campaign was lauded as a triumph of strategy; it was really distrust of his men's ability everywhere except forward.

But there was no reason to distrust his halves and his three-quarters. Quite obviously, from the very start, they were not of quite the same class as the forwards, but they had excellent points which must of necessity have been developed if the players had been given the chance. But they had to spend match after match watching their captain indulge in constant kicking, and much of it very bad kicking! If they are a trifle disgruntled, who can wonder? The climax was reached in what should have been the most interesting game of the tour, the match with England at Twickenham. Hardly anybody could have expected England to win, so it was not disappointment which caused such universal condemnation of the visitors' play. They won, it is true, but they also demonstrated how dismally dull even Rugby can be when the wrong tactics are slavishly employed.

Columns of praise have been lavished on the South African skipper during the last few months, and in many respects he has doubtless deserved them. No one can say a word against his clean sportsmanship or his adherence to the spirit of the game. And it is quite likely that he has been himself a very great player. But he is past his best now, and would surely be the first to laugh at the idea of being placed in the same class as

W. J. A. Davies on this season's form, whatever he may have been in earlier days. This South African side has taught us nothing new. Its success has emphasised the importance of being fit and the value of team-work.



Bassano

THE ENGLISH SCHOOLS' TEAM AT RICHMOND

The side which beat the combined Scottish school-boy team in the recent match at Richmond, by one dropped goal and one try to two tries, after a fast and very good game. The weather conditions were of the worst. Included in the group are: D. K. Monsarrat (Haileybury), back; L. B. Carter (Sedbergh), K. J. Veitch (St. Edward's), K. L. T. Jackson (Rugby), K. C. Fyfe (Oundle), three-quarter backs; P. L. Candler (Sherborne), P. Walton (Sedbergh), half-backs; R. E. Prescott (Marlborough), P. W. Seligman (Harrow), M. Biggs (St. Bees), H. P. Dinwiddy (Radley), W. P. Hobbs (Wellington), J. H. Bowman (Sherborne), D. M. Burke (Uppingham), and E. R. Allen (Stowe), forwards

to make a choice, and probably selected the wrong one. Yet the next two Saturdays, January 23 and 30, are free as far as international matches are concerned.

Club secretaries in London have long been past praying for in this matter of arrangement of fixtures. One week all the big clubs will be in town with attractive opponents, so that one hardly knows which match to choose. Next week they will all with one accord go out of town, and there is no decent match to visit. This could so easily be avoided, but Rugby reform is proverbially slow, so the present state of things will probably endure for some time yet.

This week we are saying farewell to the South Africans, who have been playing here since the first Saturday in October, and who have made many friends all over the country. The third team to visit us from the Cape, they have made an excellent impression by their clean and sporting Rugby, and they are taking home a very fine record. They have shown us one of the finest packs in the history of the game, and they have every right to be satisfied with their doings.

Yet in some ways they have hardly succeeded to the extent they should have done, and their tactics have left a good deal to be desired. It was all very well, early in the tour, when



Bassano

THE FETTESIAN-LORETTONIANS' OLD BOYS AT RICHMOND

The combined schools' Old Boys team gave a very good account of itself in the recent encounter at Richmond v. Richmond, and was only beaten 11 to 10. The man of the match was A. S. Dykes, who wore his London Scottish jersey, which perhaps inspired him. The side also included D. J. MacMyn, and on the whole the Old Boys gave a very fine exhibition against the Richmond team. The names in the group are as follows: A. S. Dykes, A. W. J. Murray, A. M. Maclean, D. J. Brown, E. G. Taylor, W. Nicholson, J. L. Gourlay, J. M. Dykes, D. M. Marr, W. R. Davidson, R. R. McGibbon, R. O. Murray, D. J. MacMyn, L. M. Waters, J. L. P. Reid. Referee: F/L. J. I. T. Jones

Two Recent Ball Dances



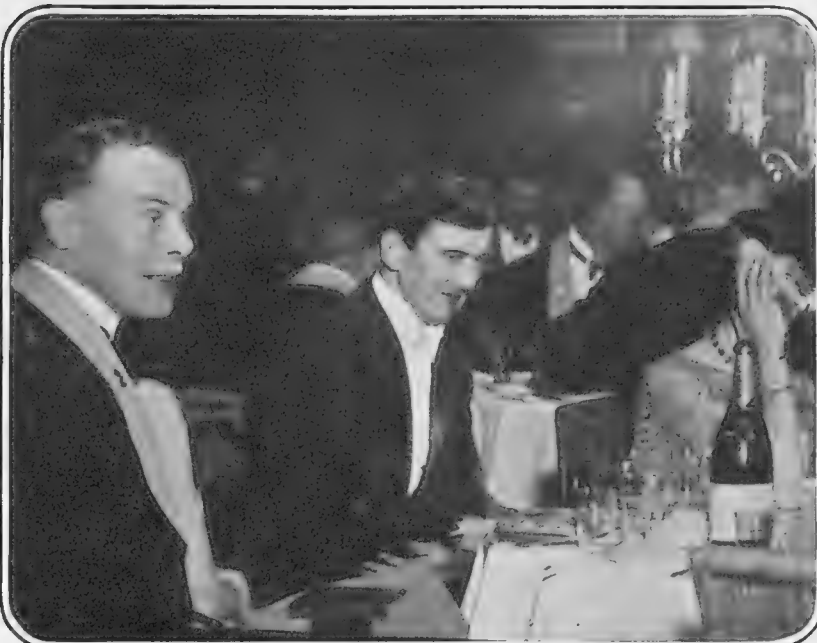
AT THE WHEATLAND HUNT BALL: LORD AND LADY ACTON
AT ALDENHAM PARK

Truman Howell



ALSO: MISS HYLMA VAUGHAN, COLONEL ROMER BAGGALLAY,
MISS MOLLY VAUGHAN, AND MRS. MALCOLM VAUGHAN

Truman Howell



AT THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE TERRITORIAL BALL:
COLONEL W. R. STYLES, MR. LLOYD, AND MRS.
STYLES (IN HIDING!)

Holloway



MRS. RONALD HENDERSON, BRIG.-GENERAL HOWARD-VYSE,
LORD SPENCER, MR. C. SEYMOUR, AND MISS BORWICK

Holloway

The 4th Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment Ball was held with much éclat at the Salon de Danse, Northampton. Lord Spencer, who was formerly in the 1st Life Guards, is Hon. Colonel of the Regiment, and also Chairman of the Committee of the Pytchley Hunt, of which a Spencer was the first Master—bar a gentleman who hunted the country in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy. Brigadier-General Howard-Vyse, who used to be in the Blues, afterwards commanded the Cairo Cavalry Brigade. The Wheatland Ball, of which two groups are at the top of the page, was held by kind permission at Aldenham Park, Lord Acton's seat. The Vaughan family are very well known with the Wheatland's next-door neighbours, the Albrighton Hounds



MAJOR BOWDEN-SMITH, MISS CAYZER, AND MAJOR J. GALBRAITH

Holloway

THE BLOW

By GUY DAVIS

TERRY HARPER was rich, and wandered widely about Europe indulging in its many pleasures, artistic and otherwise, while taking only a casual interest in deeper affairs.

Cosmopolitan, agreeable, cultured, but with no definite aim in life, such was Terry as he stepped on board the Orient Express at Istanbul after spending two delightful months on the lovely shores of the Marmora.

Two nights passed, and the express had crawled to the station in the hills on the Italian borders. The chilly hours of dawn found Terry rubbing his eyes and wondering what the argument was about in the next compartment. It seemed interminable, and eventually he sallied forth into the corridor to investigate.

He was well known on this route, and the train attendant, a haggard-eyed Swiss, greeted him:

"Monsieur Harper, voulez-vous bien expliquer à madame? Come heer-r pleez."

Harper could hear a woman's voice. Chivalry urged him forward. He stepped into the breach, saw the woman, and would have stepped out again but the Swiss barred his retreat.

A clutter of her belongings filled the compartment, and amongst them sat the woman in a pronounced *négligé* and an aura of pungent scent. To the frontier officials, pale and insistent Mussolini-men, she had only one reply.

"No compris!"

She spoke in voluble American to the attendant, but his command of English was confined to questions of passports and couchettes. French? No, the lady had no knowledge of any language but her own; she averred that repeatedly and emphatically.

Terry Harper came on the scene, and as he spoke many languages, it did not take him long to unravel the difficulty.

An ornate birdcage stood in one corner of the compartment. In it were several linnets as well as love-birds, happily occupied with their own charming affairs. These feathered pets were the cause of all the trouble, and Terry explained to the lady from U.S.A. that she would have to pay one dollar for the pleasure of having them transported across Italy.

"Wal, that's O.K. with me," she burst out. "One dollar or fifty dollars, only get these guys out o' here."

The dollar was paid, and Terry fled to his own place, glad to retire from the atmosphere of high-powered perfume in which he had felt himself, as he said, embedded, at a time of the morning when he was all for freshness.

From the privacy of his own compartment he questioned the attendant.

"Where is she going?"

"London," declared the man, and with a sly smile added, "She verra fine woman for fifty year."

"Fifty! Allez-vous-en!" laughed Terry. "I never want to see her again. Jamais!"

The man chuckled, and gently closed the sliding door.

But Terry saw and spoke to the woman again. It happened at Milan. He had gone to the station restaurant for a glass of wine and some fruit, and sat at a table immediately behind the American. She was in close conversation with a dark individual of sinister appearance, who was listening to her with great attention. The woman's voice was low, but the language she was speaking was not English; it was French.

Terry was intrigued, and listened more intently. His chair, however, slipped suddenly backwards, and drew the woman's attention. He apologized, but her eyes concentrated on him malignantly, as she said with menace in her tone:

"Snooper! Lay off following me, unless you wanna have bad news!"

With a quick word to her companion she rose and swept out of the restaurant, leaving Terry to puzzle over her virile slang under the vigilant glances of the man with the forbidding face.

He did not get excited, and after calmly finishing his wine he returned to the train. As a wanderer, he was not inexperienced in the vagaries of some of those he met on his travels. This contretemps rather amused him, and he soon dismissed it from his mind.

It was not until the express was running along the shores of Lake Maggiore, and the transcendent beauty of the scene's gorgeous colouring flooded before him, that Terry thought of the woman again. The linnets, as though touched by Nature's glory, had burst into song, and attracted his attention.

Love-birds and linnets! A pretty notion to have singing birds on the Orient Express. But the owner—absolutely hard-boiled, he would say.

She and her late companion were in the dining-car that evening, but they were seated at far separated tables. The arrangement made Terry smile, and he did not hide his amusement.

But later, in the *wagon-lit*, a reflection of the woman in a side window, and a sudden vanishing, led him to believe that she was eavesdropping. Terry, having dined sumptuously well, was recounting the day's experiences to the attendant while the man was preparing his bed for the night. He made quite an amusing story of it, speaking in German, which, of course, the Swiss understood. But did the woman?

It was a little disquieting, but not a matter of any moment, Terry thought. After this journey, he did not anticipate ever seeing the woman or her secret associate, or whatever he might be, again.

They would soon be in Paris, and having crossed the frontier into France, the express roared along, plunging with shrieking whistle through the night.

It was difficult to sleep, but at last Terry settled down. Suddenly, he was startled to wakefulness; his door slid swiftly back; alert, his eyes were blinded by bright rays of light from a powerful flash-lamp. Then it came—an awful blow that beat him down without a sound, into oblivion.

The train tore onward to Paris and arrived there early in the morning. The attendant, presuming that Terry was asleep, left him undisturbed until a more reasonable hour.

Slowly and painfully Terry Harper returned to consciousness, and was able to ring the bell for aid. The Swiss came, after some delay.

"Bonjour, Monsieur! You want somthings?" Then, staring at his passenger, he babbled, "Mon Dieu! Un outrage! Oh, oh! Monsieur! I fetch le médecin—tout de suite!"

He went, but came back almost at once; he could do little at the moment, as the train was outside the central station, side-tracked until the hour of departure for Calais.

Terry lay back, and tried to think. Eventually he pointed to the next compartment.

"L'Américaine?" he asked hoarsely.

"She stay Paris; go London to-morrow."

The injured man's expression hardened grimly. He knew it would be a difficult matter to find that woman again; she had too good a start.

She actually did get right away, and the police could find no trace of her. Terry was some time recovering from the effects of the outrage, but when he was well, he too began a search for "l'Américaine." International detectives helped him all they could, but although they combed all kinds of criminal haunts, they had no success.

Nevertheless, Terry Harper was roused; no longer spending his days in pleasant idleness, he began to study the ways of the underworld. It was engrossing work. His aimless wanderings ceased, but he journeyed to the Continent frequently on special missions connected with his new-found interests. There were several organizations which, in course of time, came to call upon his services.

On a return journey from Geneva, he had disembarked at Dover. There were the usual formalities, and the Customs shed presented a bustling disharmony of persons and baggage.

Terry were standing near a chic Parisienne, very fair and charming, and on the counter before her was something completely enveloped in a covering of green silk.

An official requested the woman to remove the cover, smiled when he saw the contents, and applied his chalk mark of release.

But Terry leaped towards him and shouted, "The cage!" a cry that made the man turn his discerning eye upon the thing once more.

(Continued on p. viii)



Strain time is Benger time –

To men, business worries, overwork, hurried meals; to women, domestic worries, nursing, sleeplessness, result in exhausted nerves, impaired digestion, low vitality, insomnia, etc.

Strain - time is Benger - time! Benger's Food rests the digestive system. It is soothing and sleep inducing. It ranks foremost among the most easily digested and highly nourishing foods known to the Medical Profession. Benger's is dainty and delicious. It forms, with fresh milk, a delicious food cream. Its delicate biscuit flavour blends well with chocolate, coffee, etc. "One never tires of Benger's."

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The Dreamers.

I SUPPOSE that if we were put strictly upon our oath, most of us who drive cars would have to admit that there have been occasions when we have momentarily forgotten all about what we were supposed to be doing. The reference is not to being tight "when in charge," etc., etc., nor to falling asleep at the wheel (this latter happened to me once on an all-night journey, and I'll swear I drove all of twenty miles in a state of complete and blissful somnolence), but rather to day-dreaming. The most frequent example of this is, I imagine, when you pull up in a traffic block and fail to note that, thanks to a very mild gradient, you are solemnly running back into the radiator immediately behind you. Once, I cheerfully admit, I came as near as a toucher to barging into a tram which I had simply failed to notice since I was thinking of something different. Of course, I afterwards indited a powerful plea for all trams to be equipped with stop-lights, as I still hold that they ought to be, but the truth is I was temporarily so blind that I wouldn't have seen a stop-light smaller than a head-lamp. No doubt this very reprehensible sort of day-dreaming has led to many serious accidents. So far the mishaps I have seen produced from this cause have been merely comic. A few days ago I was drifting on my lawful occasions along a country road. Approaching me were two cars, well over on the proper side. Suddenly the leader swerved slap-bang across to the wrong side, and not content with that, toured for some yards along the rough grass verge, which at that point is very wide. Fortunately I was not wool-gathering, and my Armstrong came to a stop p.d.q. Meanwhile mine eyes were treated to a terribly funny sight. That grass concealed numerous severe bumps so that the unhappy oncomer literally leapt into the air. Then the lady driver contrived to get it back on to the road, which was extremely clever of her, for she must have been mostly up by the roof. It was terribly unsympathetic of us, but my passengers and I just had to howl, and so did the occupants of the third car. The lady came past us looking as though her blushes were ankle deep. And a very pretty lady she was, and I hope she didn't get bumped too badly, though there is nothing better than a minor rodeo like that to wake one up. It was not till quite a lot later that I realized how very near comedy is to tragedy. If that entirely unrehearsed film-stunt had happened five seconds earlier about six people would have been infallibly killed in an almost unaccountable accident. Another time when I would have given anything for a movie-camera and the ability to use it quickly was a year or two ago. I was about to pass a light lorry, loaded with milk churns, and there was quite plenty of room, but I nevertheless sounded my horn. Upon this the driver, who afterwards admitted that he was almost asleep, pulled across in front of me. One of my hub-caps caught one of his, wrenched the wheel out of his hand, whereupon the lorry at full speed proceeded to climb a precipitous grass bank, crashed through some palings, and finished up in a nobleman's park with its front axle pushed back some feet by a tree stump. I would never have believed that milk churns could be so amazingly lively. They gaily bounced about, spewing their contents in all directions, and making the gutter look like the White Nile. No personal damage was done, but I will bet that that driver had the surprise of his young life. As for me, I have never before nor since seen a solemn lorry bounding like a gazelle. But, always provided the necessarily happy conditions, I would travel a long way to watch it every day.

T'other Side.

Naturally, in the near future we shall not be seeing quite so many American cars about the place as we once did, but that need not shut our eyes to what is going on over there which, in any case, is quite interesting, if only because depression has inevitably stimulated competition. You can wager that the U.S. automobile producer is ready to go all out for ideas, which by contrast seem to be but slowly exploited in this country, even though, as likely as not, we were actually the originators of



WITH THE KILDARE: THE REV. LAURENCE STAFFORD

Viewing a fox away on the day the Kildares met at Dunlavin. In Ireland the Cloth go like scalded cats out hunting, and usually are riding something pretty useful



THE MID-KENT STAGHOUNDS: LORD DUNSFORD AND CAPTAIN E. S. DAWES, M.S.H. The day these hounds met at Eastwell Park by Lord Dunsford's invitation. It was the first fixture after the recent abortive prosecution by the R.S.P.C.A. Anyone who knows anything about the hunting of the carted deer knows that the hounds and their quarry are the best of friends, and that the latter never gets hurt or even frightened

them. It is not so long ago, for instance, that our own Daimler Company was the first concern seriously to put a 12-cylinder car on the market; but, bless you, at the New York Show recently "twelves" had become almost vulgarly common, for literally dozens of models have this luxurious power plant. Nor is it apt to be one of your little tiddlers—apparently, to be in the swim it must give its hundred horses at least. "Eights" are positively gravitating towards the cheap car class, and mere "sixes" for the most part are very small potatoes. Possibly we should see much the same cylinder multiplication development over here, if only we had a sensible tax; it would be sufficient if it were only based on cubic capacity. Next, the Americans are going full out for fool-proof change gear-boxes, and for free-wheels either automatic or otherwise. Rather striking, is it not, that in these islands we do not yet produce a single motor-car in which a free-wheel, although demonstrated to be desirable in every way, is a standardized component. Seems to me that this is distinctly silly. Whatever British motorists think about it one thing is quite certain, and that is that overseas car owners will quickly get educated up to it, and consequently insist upon having it. As for gears of the self-changing type (other than the old two-speed epicyclic) we can surely (in Armstrong-

(Continued on p. vi)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

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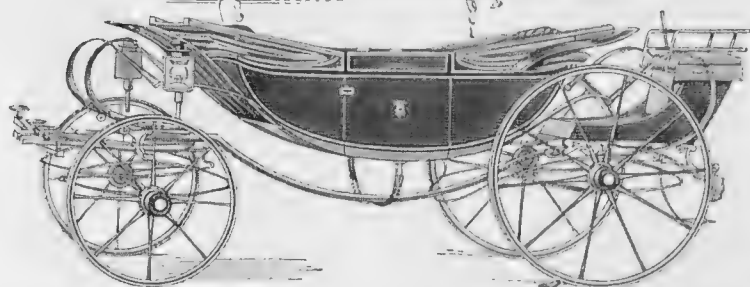
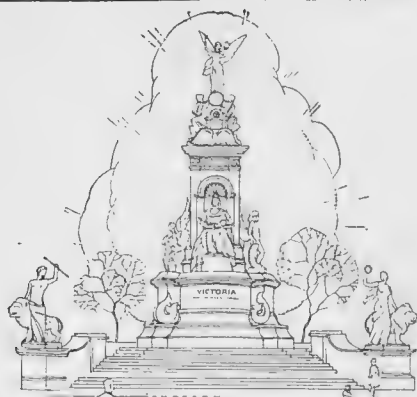
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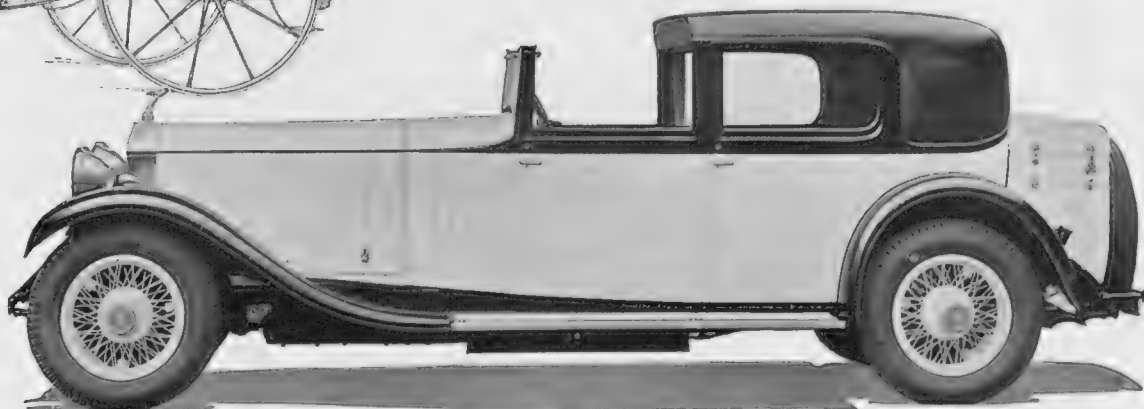
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A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Fashions in Five Countries.

IN "A Drama in Five Languages" in *Bow Bells* at the Hippodrome the fashions that prevail in five countries are seen; incidentally, we are shown the way in which the men of these countries regard the friends of their wives. Joan Gardner is the English girl; her frock is of pale grey chiffon with three knife-pleated frills at the hem of the skirt; the remainder of the dress is tight fitting, and is relieved with tiny tucks and crystal beads. Elaine Lettor as the French girl is garbed entirely in black, the fabricating medium being ciré satin; the corsage and upper part of the skirt are moulded to her figure; then, when the knees are reached, a decided flare is introduced; her black gloves just turn the elbows.



Clever sophisticated cutting is a feature of this Spring tailored suit; it is carried out in a new wool fabric in a lovely shade of green, and although the coat is reinforced with a handsome lynx collar the cost is merely 6½ guineas, at Fenwicks, New Bond Street, W. See p. ii



It would be well-nigh impossible to find a smarter hat than the one above from Fenwicks, New Bond Street; it is carried out in fancy straw—a white rose resting against the bandeau. See p. ii

portion of the skirt is accordion pleated. The slanting cape covers one shoulder only, it being loosely knotted on the opposite. The golden silk dress assumed by Anna Brunton as the Russian girl is enriched with lovely embroideries studded with gems; her long mittens match her dress, and are trimmed in the same way; touches of fur are introduced with discretion.

Midnight-Blue Sequins.

A shimmering mass of midnight-blue sequins lightened with elusive peacock blue tints make an evening dress worn by Binnie Hale; it outlines the figure in a perfectly marvellous manner—indeed many women will wish to know who is responsible for her foundation garments; the scheme is completed with a scarf shoulder wrap. In another scene Elaine Lettor wears a lime-green marocain frock; it appears to be the simplest thing in the world—albeit it is remarkably sophisticated. Over the left shoulder is flung a double fox stole dyed to match the dress; it falls in straight lines back and front; the right



Here is a charming variation of the shady hat; it is carried out in felt, has a "gutter" crown with tucks on one side. It may be seen at Fenwicks, New Bond Street, W.

arm-hole is innocent of a sleeve; it is finished, however, with a narrow frill; lovely diamond and emerald bracelets appear on the long green gloves, while her cap is adorned with a superb bird of paradise naturally dyed to match the dress. In *The Over-Côte d'Azur* scene Elaine Lettor is seen in a neat black frock in conjunction with a white shoulder cape piped with black.

A Study in Contrasts.

There are two opening numbers in the first act—(1) entitled "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies," led by Elaine Lettor, when everyone wears the smartest of smart satin evening dresses; some are of a delicate barley nuance, while others are of an elusive pale pink shade; (2) Mr. Hulbert's Young Gentlemen led by Joan Gardner, when silver tissue pyjamas, with enormous white ruffles at the throat and wrists, are assumed. By the way, there are some very amusing suits in another scene; a casual glance suggests pyjamas, but as a matter of fact they are skirts panelled to simulate trousers; black velvet and gold tissue are present in them, the tuck-in jumpers being of the latter.

Empire Fashions.

Several smart women have recently been seen in frocks modelled on those of the Empire period; the waistlines were not quite so high, although the puff sleeves were maintained. Miramiva, the attractive actress in *Grand Hotel*, is wearing a dress of a totally different character; it is very long and is of taffeta of a mouse-brown shade, the hem is trimmed with beige ribbon about half an inch wide, while

(Continued on p. ii)

Ell & Fulton.

BRADLEYS

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SPECIAL BETWEEN- SEASONS PRICES

BELOW (on left).—
A charming Wrap
Coat, cut on new and
very becoming lines.
Can be made in a
variety of materials,
with collar of Nutria-
dye Lapin, and lined
crêpe-de-
Chêne. 12½ gns.

BELOW (on right).—
A distinctive Tailor
Suit, designed in navy
wool Roman. New-
shaped collar and
revers trimmed with
mlets of white silk.
MADE TO ORDER.
Coat lined
silk. 10 gns.



ABOVE.—A smart Redingote
designed in Navy Netta cloth
with pockets and collar in drawn
thread design. Cape is detachable.

MADE TO ORDER
WITH CAPE.

Lined Silk to waist - 9 gns.

Or without Cape - 8½ gns.

Hat in Navy Felt, with
lattice work of white Kid 69/6

“Special Prices” Catalogue,
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to order from 8½ guineas),
Gowns (from 9½ guineas),
Wrap Coats, Millinery,
Blouses, Lingerie, etc., will
be sent upon request.



ABOVE.—This distinctive
Gown is made in “Trelbaska,”
cleverly cut to give slimming
lines. Novelty fabric of con-
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

her Persian lamb coat is enriched with a sable collar; two small sable tails appeared at the back of her hat; they were arranged perpendicularly. Lady Dufferin and Ava is among those who favour that new geranium pink shade; she always wears small hats which rest lightly on her fair hair; Lady Lathom has been seen several times lately in a black taffeta evening dress with a rather flared skirt.

Spring Tailor-mades.

Tailored suits at Fenwicks, 62/63, New Bond Street, W., have an air of distinction that is entirely their own, and again this season they are making a feature of ready-to-wear models for 6½ guineas, one of which finds pictorial expression on p. 126. It is made of one of the Spring wool fabrics in a lovely shade of green. As will be seen, the dress is finished with a neat turn-over collar, and is caught with a silken cord, the short coat being reinforced with a handsome lynx collar. Another suit for the same price consists of a coat and skirt, and is expressed in an almost geranium-pink wool frisca, and the collar is of white breitschwanz. It is a particularly decorative affair, and is a downright gilt-edge investment. It is impossible to do justice to it in words; it must be seen to be appreciated.

Hats and Tippets.

The smartest of hats as well as the most becoming are to be encountered in the Fenwick salons, but there is a very special collection for a guinea. They are primarily destined for the débutante; naturally those pictured on p. 126 cost more. The one at the top is of navy blue felt. It has a gutter crown and is tucked on the left side; the dipping brim casts becoming shadows across the face; nevertheless it does not interfere with the vision of the wearer. The other model is of fancy straw, with a white rose lightly resting against the bandeau. By the way, this firm is making a feature of black and brown ponyskin tippets for 49s. 6d.; they represent the acme of smartness, and will give a new lease of life to a tailored suit or coat frock that has lost its first freshness.

Special Prices Until February 27.

Special prices prevail at Bradleys, Chepstow Place, W., for tailored suits made to order until February 27. A representative coat and skirt is portrayed on this page; it is made of suiting with an almost invisible herring bone design, the fulness that is introduced above the hips is a great help to every woman, as it allows the upper portion of the coat to be moulded to

the figure, it is 9½ guineas made to order. The vest is extra, in silk piqué; it is £1 1s., and in heavy piqué 10s. 6d. In some of the suits a waistcoat blouse of a contrasting material is an important feature; it may or may not be reinforced with a sash drapery. Generally speaking the skirts are rather short and

in a fine wool fabric that suggests a miniature study in black and white; the cross-over is outlined with "pinked" edge piqué, while the pockets and cuffs are white decorated with drawn thread work, and although the scheme is completed with an adjustable shoulder cape the cost is merely 9 guineas.

Kind Lines.

And the hats at Bradleys are delightful, for although ultra smart they have "kind" lines. A shiny fancy straw is used for a soup plate model that turned up on one side, the parma violet bandeau being decorated with Neapolitan violets and pink geraniums. Again there is a mushroom hat with a high crown and half-curved rosette of ciré satin. Several of the hats that turned up at the sides have small bandeaus on which alighted a small tuft of feather, a bow or a quill; it is in the arrangement of these motifs, if so they may be called, that the skill of the artist's hand is noticeable. Then there is a new fancy plait straw with what may be described as a faced cloth finish. A tailored model has a felt crown, with a liseret straw brim, with a triangle motif of red on one side. Lizard-skin is likewise used for some of the Spring models. As prices have to be considered it must be related that this firm excel in smart hats for morning wear in town, and country wear in general for 39s. 6d. A most desirable affair for this price is carried out in felt; the lower portion of the crown is composed of drawn thread-work; the entire hat gives the impression of being drawn away from the face; tucks are introduced at the back, and as a consequence the contour of the head is revealed.

Science Gives Grace.

For slimming full figures the Etneen two-piece brassière is unrivalled, as it supports without restricting. It is made on entirely new and scientific principles, each breast receives independent support—moulded on the anatomical form of the human figure. Another strong point in its favour is that it can never be displaced by one shoulder pulling on the other. All that it is necessary to do is to adjust the fastenings on each half comfortably and the breasts will be lifted, formed, and securely held, no matter what position the body is in. As the décolletage is very low it can be worn for both evening and day-time. The body straps can be pulled down at the back to almost any level, and may be fastened to the clothing, without impairing the comfort or efficiency of the brassière. No matter how low the frock it will never show. No matter how vigorous the sport, it will never slip. It is available from 4s. 11d. upwards in sizes ranging from 28 inches to 42 inches, and is sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, application must be made to Etneen, Allcroft and Co., 97, Wood Street, E.C., who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. Naturally the brassière this season will be more important than ever, as the new dresses must have foundations that will support the figure. Many of the new jumpers are of stockinette showing a lace design.



A SPRING TAILORED SUIT

Introducing a cross-over vest of white silk piqué. It may be seen at Bradleys, Chepstow Place, where it is accompanied by a variety of others that will be made to order for a special price until February 27

there is much variety where collars are concerned. It must not be overlooked that tailored suits are made to order from 9 guineas and cardigan suits from 8½ guineas. It seems to me that this firm have beaten their own high record where redingotes are concerned. Standing out with prominence in the collection is one



Miss Iris Hoey

THE BEAUTIFUL COMEDY ACTRESS
NOW PLAYING IN "CHARMEUSE" AT
THE EMBASSY THEATRE.

writes:

"IN my opinion the most significant change in stage life is that everyone has to work harder to keep pace with the improvement in public taste, and this means that every player must give of his or her best unvaryingly. In order to keep myself up to this standard, I invariably take a periodical course of Phosferine to ensure that my physical powers are always equal to the tax to which they are subject. Not only as a safeguard against, but as a remedy for, any nerve disorders, I find Phosferine is invaluable, and enables me to go through my rôle nightly with an unflagging zest, and with still sufficient energy thoroughly to enjoy such tennis, golf, walking, dancing, etc., as I can manage in my brief spells of leisure."

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Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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CHECK THIS VALUE AGAINST ANY CAR IN THE WORLD AT THE PRICE

4-Speed Gearbox with Silent Third. Aluminium Panelled, Hand-made, Light Weight Coach-built Body. 6½-gallon Rear Petrol Tank. Sliding Roof. Wire Wheels. Pressure-Fed Engine Lubrication. Adjustable Front Seats. Powerful 4-Wheel Brakes that really hold. Winding Rear Windows. Chromium Plated Fittings throughout, and many other luxury details.

THIS FAST LIVELY 8 H.P. JUNIOR WILL MAKE A PLEASANT CHANGE FROM YOUR EXPENSIVE CAR

Economise luxuriously. To change from your present expensive-to-run car to the comfort and lavish equipment of the Singer Junior Saloon will prove a happy experience. You will find lively acceleration that few big cars have, and a vast advantage in traffic handiness. The lower power-to-weight ratio enables it to purr past high-priced cars on hills, and the silent third gear leaves them easily in traffic. The genuine hand-built coachwork obviates cheap pressed steel bodies and relieves you of rust, rattle and split panels. It is a really full-sized, four-door, four-seater family saloon that touches the sixty mark, and does 45-50 miles per gallon. The value seems almost incredible at the price. See and test one at your nearest dealers.

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. A. D. MACNAMARA

Who were married recently at Ranchi, Behar, India. Mrs. Macnamara was formerly Miss Shirley Stephenson, and is the daughter of Sir Hugh and Lady Stephenson. Sir Hugh Stephenson, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., is Governor of Behar and Orissa, and Captain A. D. Macnamara is in the 2nd Lancers, Gardener's Horse.

Windsor Stuart are to be married at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh; and Mr. William Lechmere Wade-Dalton of Hauxwell Hall, Yorks, and Miss Anne Rosamond Gott are being married on the 9th at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens.

In March and Abroad.

Early in March Mr. Frank C. Hoskins and Miss Leila Scot Skirving of Skirving, Kilchoman, Cheltenham, are being married in Singapore; Mr. Raymond Dewar - Durie and Miss Joan Dolbey have fixed March 30 for their wedding, which is to take place at the British Legation Chapel, Pekin.

* * *
Next Month.

Some time in February, Mr. William McKim Herbert McCullagh, D.S.O., M.C., F.R.C.S., of 17, Harley House, N.W., is marrying Miss Alison Carrothers; on the 4th, Mr. Cyril Henry William Boldero and Miss Flora

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Malcolm Edward Durant Cumming, 60th Rifles, son of the late Mr. Charles Malcolm Cumming and Mrs. Cumming of Lydwicke, Slinfold, Sussex, and Miss Monica Sinclair Elton,



MRS. SYDNEY BEARNE

Who was married to Lieutenant Sydney Bearne, Royal Tank Corps, the eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel Bearne, D.S.O., A.M. (late Indian Army), and Mrs. Bearne of Langley, Kent, on December 24, at Cawnpore, India. She was formerly Miss Freda Mary Frankish, and is the only child of Lieut.-Colonel T. Frankish, T.D., R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Frankish of Bachelors Hall, Woodchurch, Kent.

daughter of the late Brigadier-General F. A. G. Y. Elton, R.A., and Mrs. Elton; Surgeon Lieut.-Commander T. O. Summers, United States Navy, of New York and Richmond, Virginia, and Miss Cynthia Mary Peacock, daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Peacock of "Burleigh," Derby; Mr. Ernest Polden, son of Mr. E. Russell Polden and Mrs. Polden of the Grange, Worcester Park, Surrey, and Miss Miriam Sarah Canham, the only daughter of Mr. A. Canham (formerly Trade Commissioner for the Union of South Africa) and Mrs. Canham of Vredehof, Brook Gardens, Kingston Hill; Lieut.-Commander John H. W. Shirley, R.N. (retired), the only son of Colonel Herbert Shirley, C.M.G., M.D., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Shirley, and Miss Alfreda Phyllis Arnold, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pickard Arnold of 1, Philbeach Gardens, S.W.; Captain J. D. Tucker, 20th Burma Rifles, the son of the Rev. J. Savile Tucker and Mrs. Tucker of Great Malvern, and Miss Grace Stapylton, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Stapylton of Parkstone, Dorset.



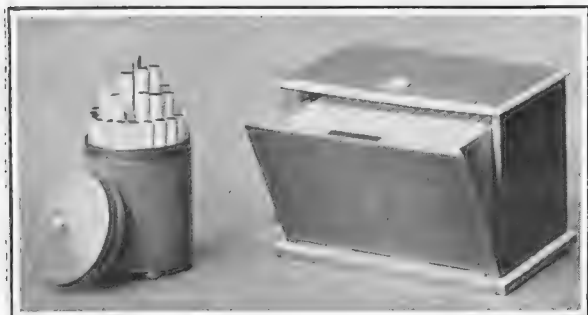
MR. AND MRS. R. EWING ADAM

Photographed after their marriage on January 4 at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. Mr. Robert Ewing Adam, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., is the son of Dr. Ewing Adam of Kensington, and his wife was formerly Miss Peggy Ervine, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ervine of Bromley, Kent.

THINGS NOVEL AND DIFFERENT

Every Woman Needs.

Every woman needs something from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.; it may be for herself or it may be for a gift. Here are to be found the loveliest of gems with settings that would have astonished our ancestors, and cocktail cabinets as well as the Rondobar with revolving stand and silver shaker and accommodation for ten bottles. However, in order to meet the requirements of these strenuous times this firm is making a feature of inexpensive and useful novelties, some of which find pictorial expression on this page.



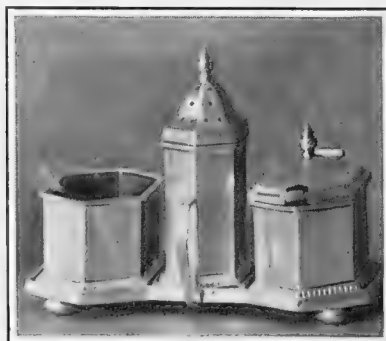
A Shagreen "Elevator" Cigarette Box and Cigarette Cabinet

Combined Whisky and Brandy Flask.

The sterling silver engine-turned whisky and brandy flask illustrated on this page is of paramount interest; it is the neatest thing imaginable and costs only £4 10s. On the left is a shagreen Elevator cigarette box; when the lid is removed the cigarettes are raised in tiers as shown, it is £3 10s. The shagreen cigarette cabinet also portrayed, with ivory edges and



Silver engine-turned Whisky and Brandy Flask

Silver Condiment Set on stand
At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

knob, is $6\frac{1}{2}$ by 4 by $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. high; when the knob is pressed the sides fall forward and the lid lifts up; it is £4 2s. 6d.

No Hands, no Dial.

And something new in the way of watches; it has no hands and no dial, the hours and minutes are shown through openings in the case; it is made in silver as well as in 9 and 18-carat gold. It is to be regretted that it cannot be reproduced. However, an Ermeto travel clock in chromium covered pig-skin, is portrayed; it measures 4 in. by $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. closed, when closed a strut automatically falls into position. Also



A new Watch and a silver-mounted Hand Lamp, with Electric Battery

portrayed on the right is a sterling silver mounted hand lamp with electric battery—it lights when lifted up and can be given a permanent glow if desired; it is £2 10s. Not quite so new but ever so useful is the silver condiment set on stand, complete with blue glass linings and spoons for £3 10s. For the small amount of half a guinea a man may become the possessor of a silver flexible expanding key chain.



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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

H.R.H. the Princess Royal has always been much interested in the Irish wolfhound, and has a small kennel of the breed. She is desirous of parting with two hounds—a dog and a bitch. These hounds were bred by Her Royal Highness, the sire being Patrick of Oughborough, which was presented to her by the Irish Wolfhound Association; his affix is a guarantee of his quality. The dam is Wealdstone Sheila, which, our members may remember, the Princess showed at our Open Show in 1930. The two hounds are fully matured, typical specimens, well grown, and over all puppy troubles. The photograph is of the dog. Both are registered at the K.C. Anyone wishing for particulars of price, etc., should apply to Nigel Fitzroy, Esq., Estate Office, Harewood, Leeds, when full details will be given.

Our next excitement as regards shows is Cruft's; this show marks the beginning of the Spring show season; it is also specially interesting to us of the L.K.A. as we have our annual general meeting at the show. As I have already said several times, it is to be held the first evening of the show.



IRISH WOLFHOUND

The property of H.R.H. the Princess Royal



BERTA OF DOWNSWOLD AND HER PUPPIES

The property of Mrs. Reeves

It is with the deepest regret that all members will hear of the death of Mr. Coaffee, who was well known to us all as superintendent of our Open Show, when his invariable courtesy, helpfulness, and good temper were of the greatest assistance to Mrs. Trelawny. He will be very much missed.

The Lakeland Terrier is making steady way; in fact it has now emerged from its native haunts and is getting numerous in the South. The Lakeland is a game, workmanlike terrier,

shown and bred many good ones, notably the remarkable litter which contained Ch. Hornton Delilah, Hornton Dorcas, and five others, all of which are bench or trial winners. As she has several litters coming on she wishes to reduce her kennels and is offering a good young Labrador dog for sale, eighteen months old, bred the same way as Delilah. He is strong, intelligent, affectionate, and a winner. She also has some nice cockers for disposal, bitches suitable as show specimens or to breed from. But the cream of the party is a miniature cocker, eight months old, black. Miss Brodrick says "she is quite sweet, normal in every way except size, but definitely not a weed. She would make a charming pet, as she is very affectionate and anxious to please."

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

which should appeal to many. One of its adherents in the South is Miss Johns, who sends a picture of her terrier, Egton Jill, and a most attractive puppy. Miss Johns is doing well with these dogs, and usually has puppies at her home in Harrow for sale.

The cocker is doing as well as ever, more so, as lately cockers have done well at trials in addition to their triumphs on the bench. Mrs. Reeves is the owner of a very good kennel of cockers, and sends a picture of Berta of Downswold and her babies. Berta is very well known in the cocker world, her principal wins last year being second-best black bitch at the Cocker Club Show, and best cocker bitch at Worthing and Haslemere; also Mrs. Reeves' blue bitch, Rocklyn Perfection, was reserved for best bitch at the K.C. Show, and second-best cocker there. Mrs. Reeves has several blue stud dogs, and puppies bred from winners for sale.

Miss Brodrick is well-known to all who take an interest in the Labrador. She has shown and bred many good ones, notably the remarkable litter which contained Ch. Hornton Delilah, Hornton Dorcas, and five others, all of which are bench or trial winners. As she has several litters coming on she wishes to reduce her kennels and is offering a good young Labrador dog for sale, eighteen months old, bred the same way as Delilah. He is strong, intelligent, affectionate, and a winner. She also has some nice cockers for disposal, bitches suitable as show specimens or to breed from. But the cream of the party is a miniature cocker, eight months old, black. Miss Brodrick says "she is quite sweet, normal in every way except size, but definitely not a weed. She would make a charming pet, as she is very affectionate and anxious to please."



EGTON JILL

The property of Miss Johns

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

A novelty of great interest and practical use for all motorists has just been completed by the Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, Ltd. This is a working model of the pre-selector control of their self-changing gear. It should be in the hands of all motorists, and all our readers have to do is to write to Messrs. Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, Ltd., Coventry, mentioning THE TATLER, when a model will be sent free.



H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

With her 1932 Kaye Don Singer Six Saloon. Standing by is Mr. W. E. Bullock, managing director of Singer and Co.

A warrant of appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has been issued to C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., lubricating oil manufacturers. This all-British firm has for some years past held a similar appointment to His Majesty the King.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 124

Siddeley) claim easy priority for that scheme. Why we do not more widely adopt it clean passes my poor comprehension. No doubt, as in America, the idea of the gear that eliminates effort and judgment will come with a rush. Another feature of transatlantic progress is the conspicuous popularity of that form of body that has pretensions (whether well-founded or no) to being "stream-line." Yet I have a fancy that Sir William Morris was the first to standardize the "eddy-free" front for saloons. At one time it used often to be said that at anything less than the proverbial mile a minute air-resistance was of little or no consequence, but since then we have learned more wisdom, and we know that to get rid of it pays all along the line, even with a car of quite modest speed capabilities. And another almost certain thing (though I would not labour the point) is that a car which, so to speak, pleases the air also pleases the eye, or, to say the least, will not fail to do so when we get rid of our inherent prejudice against unaccustomed curves and shapes.



ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING ENTRIES IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: MR. D. H. NOBLE'S HILLMAN WIZARD

As will be seen from the picture this car is towing an Eccles caravan. With equipment and baggage the extra load is nearly a ton, and there were five passengers—striking testimony to the Wizard's ample power and strength

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Rosy was, read her testimonial—



From
Miss Rosy Rapture
The Film Star

I gargle with it after every performance and have always believed that my astounding beauty is largely due to its use (This is my stock testimonial. Please adapt to your petrol as I am so busy. R.R.)

Rosy Rapture.

Winter Shell Petrol is specially blended to give quick starting in cold weather

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Endurance.

THE report that the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce intends to attack the world's endurance record with refuelling has had a varied reception. She intends, so it is said, to try to stay in the air for a month, her husband acting as relief pilot, and the aeroplane to be a Monospar. In America the Hunter brothers stayed in the air for 23½ days, being refuelled 223 times and afterwards O'Brien and a pilot who was killed during an aerobatics exhibition recently, stayed up for 27 days. These feats aroused tremendous public interest and there were large crowds of people on the aerodrome to welcome the Hunter brothers when they landed. The American newspapers gave a great deal of space to the flights and even in this country they were followed closely.

Two views have been expressed as to the value of these flights; the first is that they are useless and that they should be regarded as publicity stunts pure and simple, like sitting on a pole or dancing for hundreds of hours on end. The other view is that they provide a test for engine and aeroplane which can be given in no other way, and that they therefore encourage aeronautical progress as much as any other kind of special effort. Between these two views individual opinion oscillates.

Man or Machine.

Probably the thing that determines the value of an endurance record with refuelling is the distribution of effort. If the number of hours flown is dependent mainly upon the physical fitness of the pilots the aeronautical value of the record must be small; for aeronautics is not concerned with the production of athletes; and there are other more immediately useful ways of testing physical fitness than flying. But if the number of hours flown is dependent mainly upon the trustworthiness of aeroplane, engine, and accessories the value of the record must be great.

To run an engine in an aeroplane in the air, at whatever throttle setting, is a better test of its trustworthiness and of the efficiency of its mounting than to run it on any kind of test bed yet invented. In the aeroplane itself minor faults are apt to appear after many hours of continuous flight, and they are sometimes of the kind that is less likely to be discovered as a result of relatively short intermittent flights. Then there is the whole technique of flying the machine.

If there is to be the slightest chance of staying in the air for a month over any part of England there must be good wireless communication with the ground, and there must be full equipment for blind flying. Moreover, when there are only two pilots, gyro control must be added. The arrangements for refuelling must be carefully worked out, and must be such that no untoward risks are introduced.

On the whole it may be said that this attempt on the endurance record which Mrs. Bruce and her husband hope to make is likely to be of aeronautical value. There is little doubt that, after they have stayed in the air continuously for about three weeks, the publicity effects will overshadow the aeronautical effects. All the same, aeronautics should benefit, and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Bruce deserve the fullest support.

Stratospherics.

THE aeroplane designed for flying in the stratosphere, or roughly at heights of 40,000 ft. and more, is attracting more and more attention on the Continent. The reason behind the development of this type of machine is that, when close to the ground, the law as to increase of resistance with increase of speed becomes extremely unfavourable after a certain critical speed has been reached, and it is thought that the reduced drag in the rarer air higher up will enable this difficulty to be avoided.

At great heights the proportion of resistance to forward progress, to resistance due to lift, is more favourable. High economic speeds may therefore be attained. The result is that Germany, Italy, and France are all working hard upon resolving the problem of the stratosphere aircraft which shall have a forward speed at a great height of 300 miles an hour or more. It is time that a like effort were made in this country.

Flying Messengers.

THE Club of Messenger Boys which the Commercial Cable Company has formed has been very active, and, at the week-ends, members visit an aerodrome, and at least two of them are already learning to fly. British Air Transport, Ltd., has given a flying scholarship to this club, which has been formed largely as a result of the efforts of Mr. Geoffrey Dorman. Mr. Dorman has given much of his time to helping the boys to obtain special facilities at the aerodromes and to prevailing upon people notable in the world of flying to come down and talk to them at their weekly meetings.

The idea of this flying club for boys is so good that it is worth extending. It is the boys who are between ten and fifteen years old to-day who will be holding positions of power when aviation has become the dominant transport system, so that those who are far-sighted will see to it that everything possible is done to encourage boys to take to flying. Few of them want much encouragement. They are mostly keener on flying than on anything else, and they usually know more about it than the large majority of grown-up people.

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 112

THE publishers, the London and Counties Press Association, Ltd., have very kindly sent me the third volume of a weighty issue of their series, "Racing at Home and Abroad," which is edited by Mr. Charles Richardson and is limited to 855 copies, all of which have been appropriated. The first volume, which dealt with British flat racing and breeding, is out of print, but there are still a few copies of volume two, which deals with British steeplechasing and racing and breeding in Ireland. The work as a whole is the finest thing of its kind. It is extremely well thought of in America, and was recently the subject of a broadcast talk—an unusual honour. This present volume is on the whole very well written, and in the section in which I am personally most interested, the Indian one, extremely well done as to the first six periods, for which Sir Ormonde Winter is responsible. The seventh period, written by a Mr. G. H. Hilliard, is not as well done as it deserves to be; it is Baedeker and Bradshaw pure and simple, with no literary merit whatever. Sir Ormonde Winter, however, displays the happy hand, and his knowledge and experience, both as an owner and gentleman rider, marked him out as the best person who was available to tackle such a heavy task as a concise recital of the history of racing in India from its earliest beginnings in Madras. This covers the first six periods.

THE seventh period in Indian racing history is a notable one, and it deserved a better fate than that which has been accorded it, and its historian ought to have been someone with a wider experience and with some literary flair. Sir Ormonde Winter takes us back as far as the first regular race meeting in Madras in 1795. There had been racing of a sort before that, 1791–92, but the Mysore war intervened. In 1794 there were only four Arab horses or ponies in Madras—not half-a-dozen four-wheeled carriages plus a few gigs. What a tremendous contrast to almost any race meeting in India to-day! At Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and Poona things are far more up-to-date, and better run than at many a course of pretension in England and on the Continent. Mr. Manesty, the Resident of Basra in the Persian Gulf, may be proclaimed as the real Father of Indian racing, because it was he who sent so many shipments of Arabs to India. It was not till 1799 that any English race-horse ran in India. The first-known Britisher was a mare named Brown Bess, who was six months on the voyage round the Cape. This disadvantage quite apart, as we were then at war with France, our merchantmen often had a trying time with the enterprising French frigates and privateers. Racing in Calcutta started in 1798, four years after Madras, and Bombay started in the same year. In the 1850 season in Calcutta, of the thirty races run, three were won by English horses, six by country-breds, four by Australians (other than N.S. Wales horses who won eleven), and six by Arabs. To-day, at any of the big meetings in India, the English horse is supreme and has practically ousted his Australian brother, who, at one time, was in the majority where imported racing stock was concerned. If space permitted I should like to follow Sir Ormonde Winter's interesting story further; but this is not possible. I cannot, however, close this short review without tendering my old friend a word of thanks for a kindly reference to my own connection with racing in India. He makes a slight error; it was not in 1888 that I rode my first race in India, but two years earlier.

The Blow—continued from p. 122

A surging mob of excited people crowded round.

Love-birds and linnets! What a flurry they were in! But not all of them. One of the birds remained unmoved on its perch. The official was looking at this intently, when the agitated flutterings of the others knocked it to the floor of the cage.

"Oh, please, do not frighten the leetle birds. See, one is already dead," the woman cried, but her entreaties failed in their object. Suspicions had been aroused, and Terry was with the Customs man.

There was a hasty adjournment to the office, and a minute examination. Sobbing explanations from the woman—she knew nothing—the leetle birds were for someone who would write for them in London.

It was quite a clever scheme. The bird was stuffed, but it was cleverly done with dope. The cage itself was also a repository of "snow" in a false bottom and in its hollow bars and perches.

The inspection over, Terry Harper turned to the woman.

Was it a whiff of scent, or that unforgettable malignant look in her eyes?

He smiled politely and asked:

"How old are you now? Thirty? Last time we met you were fifty. Great actress! And the man who nearly killed me?"

"That wop!" she snarled. "I told him to bump you off, the sap!"

Terry's smile expanded.

"I am not ungrateful to the sap. That crack on the nut did me a lot of good—woke me up—but it's going to mean a lot of trouble for you."

He drew out his case and proffered a cigarette; l'Américaine did not accept. She had a vile temper.

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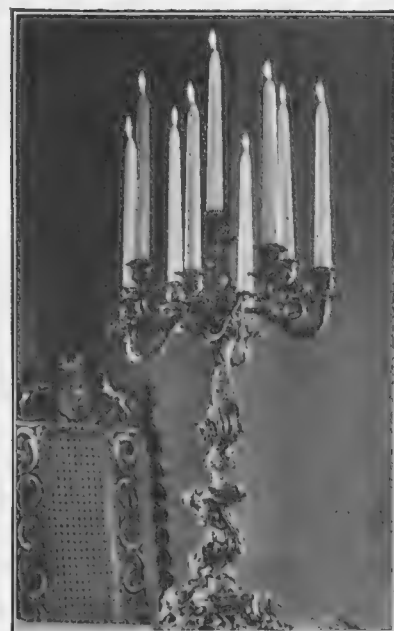
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor appeal for a small boy aged 9. His father, who was a clerk, died a few months ago from cancer, and his mother, still in the early thirties, is having a hard struggle to keep herself and educate the boy—for all his father's savings, a considerable sum, were gradually spent during his long and painful illness. His mother is a very sensible woman who comes from a good stock, and she at once got Peter into a good Home for Boys, where the master speaks highly of him. He reports "that he is a nice little fellow, well behaved and well spoken; he has improved very much in school work and his class teacher speaks very well of him." The boy's cost is 10s. a week, but, unfortunately, his mother has lost her job through no fault of her own and, being quite untrained, is finding it very difficult to obtain a permanent post. The Friends of the Poor have the boy's future very much at heart and are confident that they will not appeal in vain. £13 is needed.

On February 1 the English theatre season, which has been so impatiently awaited by all, will be opened in La Nouvelle Salle de Spectacle du Théâtre des Beaux-Arts at Monte Carlo, under the active and intelligent direction of M. René Blum.

AT THE GREAT



THE DU SUTER BROTHERS
At the Dominion Theatre Circus



MISS ANITA GOLDA

EIGHT DANCE



THE SISTERS LUPESCU
At the Royal Agricultural Hall Circus

Some of the artistes who kindly gave their services at the cabaret performance at the Great Eight Group of Illustrated Newspapers New Year Dance at the Northumberland Rooms. The Du Suter Brothers are the clever musical clowns who are at the Dominion Theatre circus and are famous all over England and the Continent. Miss Anita Golda was the principal dancer in "Lido Follies," one of Archie Pitt's productions, and the Sisters Lupescu do a clever balancing act at the circus at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

During this season will be seen some of the greatest successes of the English stage, as well as some entirely new works, including one censored by the Lord Chamberlain. Among the productions will be: *Payment Deferred*, *To See Ourselves*, *Counsel's Opinion*, *Candida*, *The Man I Killed*, by Maurice Rostand, *People Like Us*, three acts by Frank Vosper (censored). A splendid programme, which will put the Monte Carlo stage in the same rank as the great theatrical productions of England.

New York's sensational comedienne—Nan Blackstone—has just left America for London to fulfil an engagement at the Monseigneur in Piccadilly. Nan Blackstone is amusing and original, and her eccentricities will make her a welcome and unusual attraction to cabaret land.

At the New Gallery this week "Round the World in 80 Minutes with Douglas Fairbanks" is the chief attraction in their programme. This is a very unusual travel picture. It is a pictorial account of Douglas Fairbanks' recent world trip, on which he was accompanied by a cameraman, Henry Sharp, and his director, Victor Fleming. Many ingenious studio tricks have been employed to link the various sequences in the film, and special—and very amusing—dialogue has been written by that ace of humorous authors, Robert Benchley, former dramatic critic of "Life," and now dramatic critic of the "New Yorker." It is something completely different and vastly entertaining.

Miss Edith Day and Mr. Robert Naylor are the star turn at the Victoria Palace this week, and the programme also includes Tommy Handley, The Jovers, etc.



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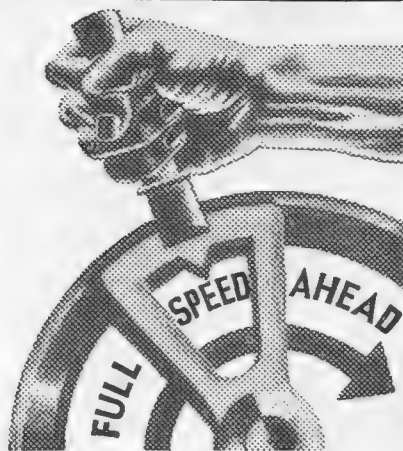
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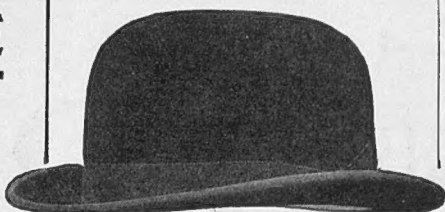
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How, at an annual auction, every girl, pretty or plain, was provided with a husband; the high prices paid for the beautiful ones forming a dowry for the ugly.



The husband wheeled home the wife of his purchase in a cart. The uglier the bride the bigger the dowry.

"REVEALING glimpses of the greatness of Babylon have reached us from that eminent historian Herodotus, who personally saw and described the vastness of its temples; its architecture and construction; the imposing buildings with their roof gardens; the walls surrounding the town, so thick that a chariot could be driven on top of them; and the wealth accumulated and destroyed by the greed of the neighbouring nations, and those robberies with violence which are usually called the wars of conquest. With the end of peace in Babylon, many ancient laws and customs disappeared. One of the most remarkable was the law of matrimony. It was made with the object of providing every woman with a husband, irrespective of beauty or riches. Once a year all marriageable girls were assembled in a public place. They were divided into two categories and placed in order of their beauty or ugliness..." A story of amazing candour and enlightenment—you must read it.

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